

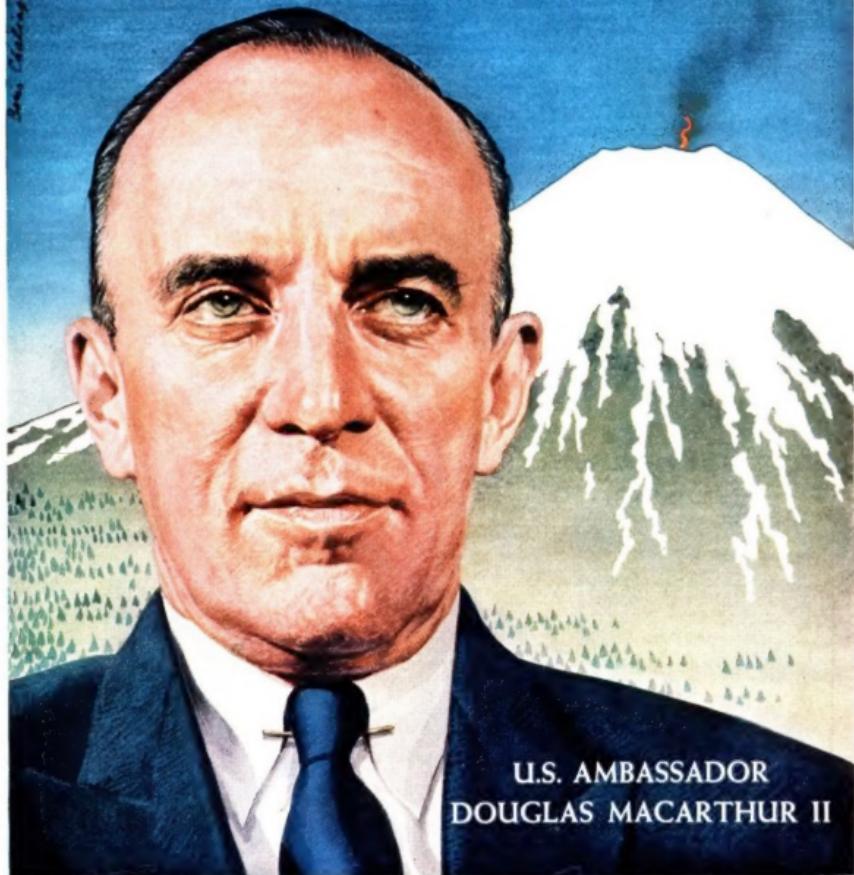
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JUNE 27, 1960

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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LETTERS

Justice & the Beast

Sir:

Let me congratulate you for the excellent coverage of Nazi Eichmann's kidnaping. It is beyond my limitations to realize how strongly the Jewish people must feel against such an aberration of human being.

But what right has the State of Israel to violate Argentine sovereignty and capture one of its citizens? What right has Israel to put on trial a subject of another state for crimes committed outside its territory?

I am not condoning the man Eichmann in any respect, but trying to point out that international relations must be above individual passions and hates in all instances.

J. R. WHITAKER PENTEADO JR.
New York City

Sir:

I want to congratulate the Israeli intelligence on a job well done. This should be a lesson for the thousands of Eichmanns still at large; the hand of justice has patience, but it will catch up with them.

JACK GREENSPAN
Concentration Camp Inmate No. 86459
Monterey Park, Calif.

Sir:

If your Eichmann article is factual, the Israelis are as vengeful as the Nazis and are equally culpable in flouting common law. For the Israel government to perpetrate and condone such acts can only cause the world to lose sympathy.

L. W. HUNCKE
Kansas City, Mo.

Sir:

I do hope that all the anti-capital-punishment people who worked so hard for Caryl Chessman won't be too tired to go to bat for Adolf Eichmann. Adolf, like every criminal, was just a creature of circumstance who was pointed irretrievably to his destiny when he was between one and six. Killing him won't bring back all those people.

MURRAY UBERMAN
Brooklyn

Mr. Stevenson & Mr. K

Sir:

Adlai Stevenson's statement blaming the Republican Administration for the trouble at the summit proves him to be a political opportunist of the first order.

MRS. IVAN SMITH

Edgar, Wis.

Sir:

With what has happened recently in our foreign relations, it should be Adlai Stevenson, in a walk, for the presidency. Today his qualities would finally do the best job for us.

C. B. PAPE

Cap-de-la-Madeleine, Que.

Sir:

Stevenson, of course, is that ultra-liberal Democrat who was a character witness for Alger Hiss ten years ago and who has been aptly described by his fellow party member, Jim Farley, as an "apostle of appeasement." Stevenson's long record of appeasement disqualifies him from leading the U.S. and the free nations in the fight against Communism.

PATRICE BEARY

Jamaica, N.Y.

Sir:

I read Stevenson's entire Chicago speech and excerpts from that speech in TIME, and I gather from the tone of that speech that Mr. Stevenson would be Mr. Khrushchev's choice for our next President. I was sickened

to think that a man of his stature could say the things he did. I sincerely hope that the Democrats relegate him to obscurity.

C. PRES

Grants, N. Mex.

Showing the Flagg

Sir:

In your June 6 issue, you state that James Montgomery Flagg's best-known picture was a World War I recruiting poster depicting Uncle Sam, black-browed with pointing finger, "demanding: I WANT YOU."

In 1914 there was a recruiting poster in



England depicting Lord Kitchener, black-browed, black-mustached and with pointing finger, with the caption YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU. This was before your time, probably, but I remember, and I imagine James M. Flagg did also.

JOHN B. THOMPSON

Grouville, Jersey, U. K.

So Sick of Sick

Sir:

It was with great relief that I read Alfred Kazin's profoundly meaningful and beautiful observations on today's theater and today's thinking [June 6]. He speaks for all of us who are sick, sick, sick of the degradation, the amorality, the absolute horror of the theater today and the stinking emotional climate which surrounds it. We are mostly sick of Tennessee Williams and those who trail gleefully after him. If man has nothing more to say about himself than that he is doomed—why bother?

MURIEL MONTEKIO

New York City

Sir:

The attack by Alfred Kazin is off the mark. All creative artists use exaggeration as a tool. This is as true of a Beethoven symphony as of the distorted figure of a Gothic saint as of the distorted pointing finger of Matthias Grunewald.

The literary artist also by necessity must choose the exaggerated and often grisly side, especially the dramatist. Characters like incestuous Oedipus or child-murdering Medea are as "immoral" as the deplored modern ones, and so, for that matter, are Macbeth or Hamlet.

FREDERICK P. BORNSTEIN

El Paso

Sir:

Mr. Kazin, alas, has grown "tired of love and love and love." In truth it seems Mr. Kazin has simply grown tired. When an established critic tires he falls to attacking live authors (Williams) and quoting dead authors (Manes).

Mr. Kazin wants dramatists to reflect "the enlarged voice of our human possibilities." It has always seemed to me that Tennessee Williams has spent a good deal of time in his plays pointing out that this voice has been slashed at the vocal cords in today's world.

We may expect to hear more of Mr. Kazin, speeches before the D.A.R., defending Eddie Guest, violent salutes in favor of Shakespeare and Melville, applauding letters in the columns of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, a pat on the back from Billy Graham, perhaps even a mention in Walter Winchell's column.

ROBERT A. BAYLOR

Clairemont, Calif.

Middle C

Sir:

Although you were careful enough to twice include in your article the middle name of the Philadelphia Orchestra's retiring flutist, William Morris Kincaid [June 6], you weren't careful enough to correctly spell his last name. It's Kincaid, not Kinkaid.

I should know. I was a Kincaid pupil for five years.

JOHN SOLUM

New York City

¶ TIME was off key.—ED.

Me

Sir:

From one TIME reader to all others, I'd like to be recorded as in complete agreement with your astute reviewer's perceptive opinion of the new off-Broadway musical *Ernest in Love*, especially in regard to the manner in which the Anne Croswell lyrics "graft smoothly onto the play as in a superbly haughty number called *A Handbag Is Not a Proper Mother*."

Like the "superbly haughty" Lady Bracknell, the famous *Widman* character who sings this number, the "superbly haughty" actress (anonymous in your review) who essays this role is indeed herself a "very proper mother." She has two entirely legitimate teen-age children to prove it. Happily her handsome son Josef and lovely daughter Francine know who their father is—me!

EZRA STONE

Newtown, Pa.

P.S. Mrs. Stone is known professionally (and to my mother-in-law) as Sara Seeger. If TIME won't tell, I will.

¶ And Reader Stone is well remembered as radio's onetime crack-voiced Henry Aldrich.—ED.

Sir:

In reporting a Zanuck film, *Crack in the Mirror*, TIME's critic wrote, "Justice, however, is not done in the screen credits, where Producer Zanuck, under the pseudonym, Mark Canfield, generously accepts full responsibility for the screenplay."

Nor is justice done by TIME to the author of the novel, *Drame dans un Miroir*, on which the film is based. That is to say, to me.

MARCEL HAEDRICH

Paris

Burdens of History

Sir:

As a devout member of the Anglican Communion, I am profoundly shocked by the bias and misinformation in the June 6 article entitled "Two Miracles & 40 Saints." Granted that Roman Catholics were persecuted by

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members of my church in those days, this article seems to gloss over the fact that it was a terrible age when all religions persecuted all other religions e.g., Bloody Mary.

FRANKLIN W. BARTLE

Martinsville, N.J.

Sir:

I don't want to play the numbers game with you, but the 360 British Roman Catholic martyrs from the year 1585 to 1680 can hardly compare with the 280 martyrs during the reign of Queen Mary (1553-1558). It is also pertinent to recall that the reasons the 200 persons were put to death during the long reign of Queen Elizabeth were not religious but political.

For me, however, is significant, however, is the difference between persecution by the churches of the Reformation and death for heresy. Thomas Cranmer protested against faith by compulsion, and there was a storm of protest in Protestant churches against Calvin's part in the burning of Servetus.

We have to bear the burdens of our history but we also have to make distinctions. (THE REV.) JUNIUS J. MARTIN Christ Church, Frederica Saint Simons Island, Ga.

Sharp Distinction?

Sir:

Read your article on Theologian Baum's description of the new Protestantism (May 30). True, it is growing difficult to tell a Protestant from a Catholic. But one thing for sure: you can tell a Spirit-filled Christian from both Protestant or Catholic.

AUDREY SHANER

Ellwood City, Pa.

Fender

Sir:

Regarding your May 30 picture of Attorney Tom Corcoran, I wish to call attention to the curious caption, "With the brass behind." Did Lawyer Corcoran develop his "brass behind" to fend off anti-Roosevelt Republicans, or what? No doubt, a guard against terrible chewings.

RICHARD P. ZAPPE

Terre Haute, Ind.

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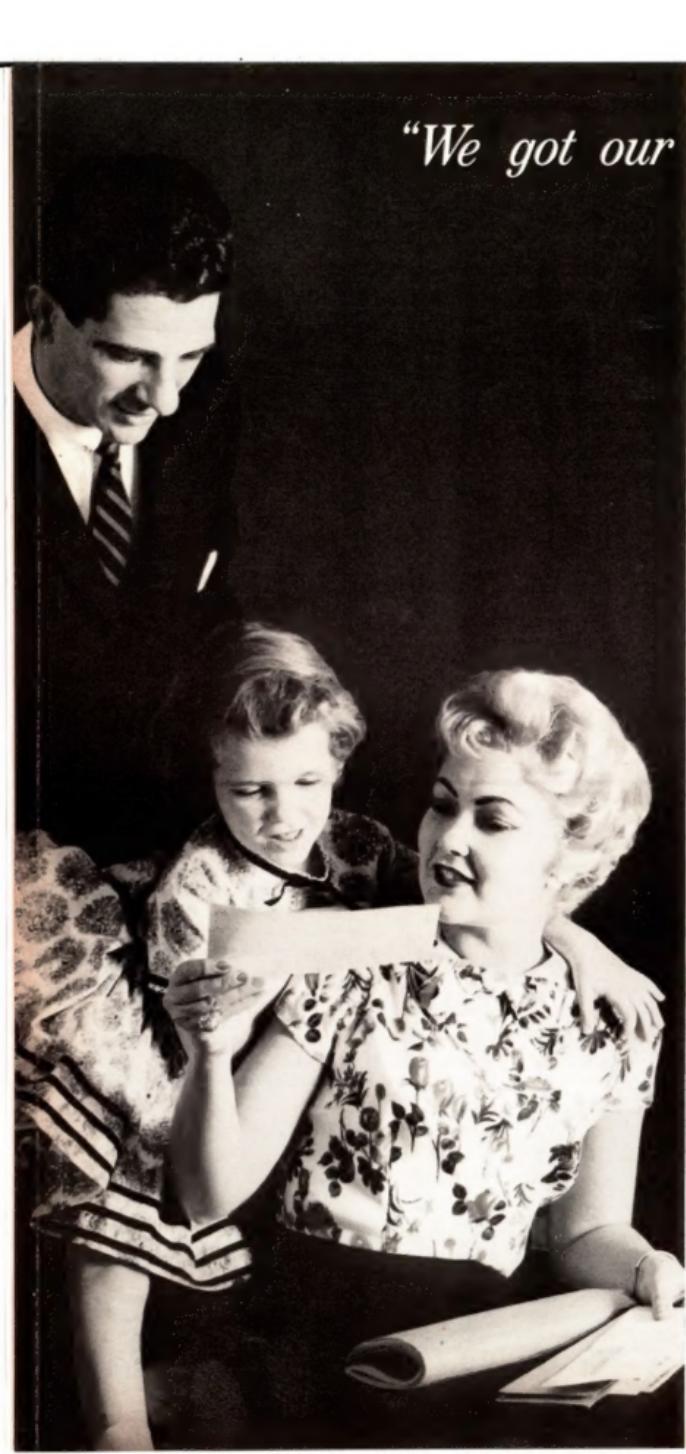
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Hoek Wolker—Lust

THE NATION

The Visible Hand

The hand that reached out last week to pull the strings in Japan was—as both President Eisenhower and Premier Kishi said—the hand of organized Communism. In forcing Japan to cancel the President's visit, it administered a stinging slap to U.S. pride and prestige. No Red propaganda victory in years had so served to humiliate a President of the U.S. Coming in the wake of the U-2 dust-up and Nikita Khrushchev's party-line attack on Eisenhower at the summit, it was—as Moscow and Peking intended it to be—a blow to the U.S. image. Allies were apprehensive because the U.S. had allowed itself to get in such a fix. Peking and Moscow were jubilant: one called the President "a rat," the other called him "a snake."

Yet, just as the Russians overreached themselves at the summit, so, perhaps, had Communism overreached itself in Japan. U.S. power in Asia had not been diminished. The alliances that are the basis of U.S. policy had not been broken. The economic viability of the whole Asian perimeter, from Japan to Australia, had not been challenged or changed.

But the crisis in Japan raised a red flag of danger where one should always be flying. Japan, heretofore considered a pro-Western bastion, was now a question mark: a sovereign nation not yet able to defend itself, a democracy not yet strong

enough to repel serious, if sporadic, Communist infiltration. Japan's first duty was to pull itself together and get on with the economic and political future that lay in the full promise of its free institutions. The U.S.'s duty was to guarantee unequivocally that nothing should be allowed to interfere with that promise.

THE PRESIDENCY

On with the Trip

It was only 48 hours after his arrival in Manila from Alaska that President Eisenhower got the news from Japan.

In the span of those few hours, Ike's reception had been a blazing triumph hailed by more than a million Filipinos, flower-laden girls, boisterous cheering mobs, tons of gaily colored confetti—the warmest welcome he had received since his historic visit to India. Now hundreds of thousands of Filipinos gathered in Manila's bayside Luneta park for a civic reception. Ike and President Carlos Garcia were standing on the ramp of a concrete bandstand, reviewing a military parade. A U.S. Army Signal Corps team had installed a White House telephone near by; it had been left on an upturned yellow oilcan. As Ike watched the parade, the phone suddenly jangled. A U.S. Secret Service agent picked it up, listened for a moment, then quickly got hold of White House Secret Service Boss Jim Rowley, who took the phone, and then passed it

over to White House Staff Secretary Brigadier General Andrew Goodpaster.

As Ike settled into his leather chair Goodpaster leaned forward and began whispering into the President's left ear. Ike's head snapped around. The two talked for about a minute, as President Garcia, sitting at Ike's side, politely assumed an air of interest in the parade. When Ike turned again, his face told the story: his mouth turned down; his eyes framed with crowfoot lines, squinted. Then he shook his head and pursed his lips. Turning back to Goodpaster and to Press Secretary Jim Hagerty, who was close by, Ike said: "We better get something out on this as soon as we can. You fellows ride over to the palace with me after this thing. And get Doug MacArthur on the phone." He faced front again, mouthing a single, soundless word. Abruptly he whispered to President Garcia, swung around to tell Mrs. Garcia, then looked out over the grassy park for a long moment.

The Single Cause. Ike shrugged off his brief reverie to accept the Order of Sikatuna, rank of Raja, from Garcia (the Philippines' highest decoration for foreign heads of state). When the speeches were done, he met with his staff at Malacan Palace, dictated a statement that expressed his "full and sympathetic understanding of the decision taken by the Japanese government," and his "regrets that a small, organized minority, led by pro-

fessional Communist agitators . . . have been able by resort to force and violence" to prevent the good-will visit. Said Ike that night: "I would have liked to go—I still wish I could."

Despite his initial discouragement, the President quickly fell in with the swift rush of ceremony that crowded his three days in Manila. His address to a joint session of the Filipino Congress was a telling comparison between the modern-day colonialism of Communist nations and the American ideal of a world of free, sovereign nations. "The basic antagonism of the Communist system to anything which it cannot control is the single, most important cause of the tension between the free nations . . . and the rigidly controlled Communist bloc. Since 1945, 33 lands that were once subject to Western control have peacefully achieved self-determination. These 33 countries have a population of almost a billion people. During the same period, twelve countries in the Sino-Soviet sphere have been forcibly deprived of their independence. The question might be asked: 'Who are today the colonialists?'"

80,000-Gun Salute. Steaming along the coast of Luzon aboard the U.S. cruiser *St. Paul* (and flanked by an armada of 125 Seventh Fleet warships), the President got a chance to relax for a day and two nights before he arrived in Formosa. He moved out into the sun, met with his staff to rearrange his schedule. The Japanese situation still nagged him, and in one of the rare occasions in his staff's memory, he ordered the State Department to forward him a brief on world reaction to the cancellation of the Tokyo trip.

Though the Nationalist Chinese went all-out to welcome him—100,000 crowded the streets of Taipei, waving flags, shouting, dancing—the Communist Chinese on the mainland provided their own cynical reception by pouring 82,065 shells onto Quemoy and the rest of the islands in the

offshore archipelago. (Said a newsman: "Ike's the only chief of state who ever got an 80,000-gun salute.") Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and Madame Chiang turned out a huge ceremonial dinner, and, as with Garcia, Ike sealed U.S. friendship with Chiang in a communiqué of hope and promise.

Uncowed. In teeming Seoul more than 1,000,000 Koreans gave the President a cyclonic reception. Time and again, the presidential motorcade was halted smack in the middle of the wild, uncontrollable, cheering crowds. Police swung clubs in menacing arcs, and slashed about with light bamboo switches. Still, the Koreans could not be cowed. They grabbed at Ike's open Lincoln as he stood waving and smiling, tore off the radio aerial and a side mirror. People fainted in the crush, as voluntary student leaders in sports shirts trotted ahead of the motorcade trying to slice through the thick sea of humanity.

An old man fell down in front of Ike's car, and the President had to shout to Jim Rowley to stop the car in time. Again and again, the jerking starts and stops of the car almost sent Ike toppling into his seat, until Acting Prime Minister Huh Chung rose and held the President up by pushing against his back. One Korean man reached out and grabbed the President's hand and held on tight, nearly pulling Ike off his feet, until Rowley grabbed the man's hand and expertly twisted it loose.

The cares of the Japanese mess vanished from Ike's face as he turned on a half-moon smile, hunched his shoulders, jerked a thumb up, waved, laughed. At length, the mobs grew so tight along the route that the motorcade dodged into an odorous alley and swept by side streets to the U.S. embassy residence.

Happily for Ike's week, the explosion of the Korean welcome still echoed next day as the President headed for Hawaii and, ultimately, for home.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

The No. 1 Objective

[See Cover]

The battle began at dusk under a driving rain. In four days Dwight Eisenhower was due to arrive in Tokyo, and, simultaneously, the revised U.S.-Japanese Security Treaty would pass its last legal hurdle in Japan. With unflagging fanaticism, Zengakuren, the tightly disciplined Communist-led student federation, mobilized its forces for a supreme assault on the government of Japan's wispy Premier Nobusuke Kishi.

Against the 4,000 steel-helmeted cops guarding Tokyo's Diet building, Zengakuren threw in more than 14,000 students who charged with cries of "Kill Kishi," "Down with the treaty," "Ike, stay home." Pulling away a barricade of parked police trucks, 3,000 of them finally thrust their way into the Diet compound, beating off police counterattacks with volleys of stones and pointed sticks wielded like spears. Meanwhile, those who remained outside set fire to 17 police trucks by stuffing burning newspapers into their gas tanks.

Not until after 1 a.m.—while the students were dancing around the flames and the *Internationale* in one of the indelible mob scenes of the cold war—did the cops get the order that no Japanese government has given its police since 1952: use tear gas. Eagerly, Tokyo's much-misused police complied, then saluted forth and chased the half-blinded Zengakuren diehards away from the Diet area. By dawn, the city's hospitals had treated 600 police and 270 students, and for the first time since the anti-treaty demonstrations began five weeks ago, Zengakuren had a martyr—a 22-year-old coed trampled to death by her own comrades.

Next day, as thousands howled their rage outside his residence, weary Nobusuke Kishi met with his Cabinet for

TOKYO POLICE COUNTERATTACK STUDENTS AT DIET GATE



second time in 24 hours. After a brief session, he emerged to announce to newsmen the decision to ask President Eisenhower to cancel his trip. Then, in a gesture that emphasized the rebuff the U.S. had suffered, Foreign Minister Aichiyo Fujiyama formally reported the decision to a dark, ruggedly handsome man who bears a name all Japan once honored. For Douglas MacArthur II, U.S. Ambassador to Tokyo and the principal architect of present-day U.S. policy toward Japan, Kishi's retreat was an unhappy confirmation of his own growing doubts about the Ike visit. With a mixture of relief and bitter regret, MacArthur phoned the news to the Eisenhower party in Manila.

Tangibles & Intangibles. To most Americans, the spectacle of a Japanese government announcing that it could not guarantee the physical safety of the President of the U.S. came as a bitter shock. In the years since V-J day, the U.S. and Japan had developed a bond unique between an Occidental and an Oriental nation. The ties ranged from the nostalgic memories of Japan brought home by hundreds of thousands of ex-G.I.s to such carefully nurtured manifestations of official friendship as the "sister city" agreement concluded last month between New York and Tokyo.

Along with the intangible bonds went some highly tangible ones. Between military spending and outright aid, the U.S. has pumped \$6 billion into the Japanese economy since 1945. The U.S., which buys nearly one-third of Japan's exports, is Japanese industry's best customer abroad, and Japan, which gets nearly a third of its imports from the U.S., is the U.S.'s biggest foreign market after Canada. Seemingly firm in its U.S.-designed democracy, Japan had long appeared the cornerstone of free-world strength in Asia.

The Magnet. But last week, like a householder who suddenly discovers that his backyard has become a battlefield, the U.S. was brutally awakened to the fact that Japan has become a cockpit in the cold war. The wonder was that it had not happened sooner, for Japan has long been the central focus of the Communists' covetous eyes.

Already possessed of the world's fourth largest industrial base—and the biggest outside the Occident—Japan boasts a rate of economic growth (gross national product up 11% in 1950) so whopping as to make Red China's vaunted Great Leap look like an arthritic shuffle. Added to the already formidable resources of the Communist camp, the productive capacities of Japan's nearly 93 million skilled, industrious citizens would bring the Reds far closer to equality with the free world. But, more important, so long as Japan's people continue to enjoy democratic government and the highest living standards in the Far East, Red China's dreams of political domination over all Asia are likely to remain only dreams. Given U.S. cooperation, Japan could, as Premier Kishi dreams, become a base for the expansion of free enterprise throughout Southeast Asia.



Who Pays? If the U.S. sometimes tended to forget this, the leaders of the Communist world never lost sight of it. Red China's press gives more space to Japan than to any other nation save Russia. Peking has nakedly sought to use Japanese industrialists' yearning for revived trade with China as a weapon to undermine Japan's conservative government. More telltale yet, Japan's tiny (47,000 card carriers) Communist Party has often been allowed to sing a different tune from Moscow or Peking as part of its "lovable" policy of courting Japan's Socialists and labor unions."

As the Security Treaty fight began, Communist activity in Japan was vastly stepped up. Since last September, the traditionally impoverished Japanese Communist Party has become affluent enough to double the salaries of many of its workers. To finance the last five weeks' riots against Kishi has cost somebody an esti-

• Most revealing exception three months before the Korean war began, the Japanese Communists abandoned their "popular front" policy, adopted a tough line against imperialism. Many Red leaders were safely hidden out in Moscow and Peking before the first shot was fired in Korea.

mated \$1,400,000 (standard pay for anti-Kishi rioters has run from \$1 to \$1.50, but student demonstrators have, on occasion, been paid as much as \$2.50 each). Japanese security officials make no bones of their belief that at least part of the funds have been supplied by Moscow and Peking. By last week, no one could doubt any longer the present warning given by Douglas MacArthur II many months ago: "Moscow and Peking have made it abundantly clear that the neutralization and eventual take-over of Japan is their No. 1 objective in Asia."

The Activist. A lifelong sportsman with a sportsman's love of bold action, Douglas MacArthur II fortnight ago decided to try to bring Presidential Press Secretary James Hagerty into Tokyo by car instead of in the helicopter that stood ready at the international airport. MacArthur's explanation: As a test for Ike, "we had to find out just how far the mob would go." They found out when Zenkaku students mobbed MacArthur's limousine, tore off the American flag and forced Hagerty & Co. to retreat to the helicopter (TIME, June 20).

Even after that attack, MacArthur continued to recommend that Ike go ahead



TOKYO'S RUINS AFTER AMERICAN BOMBING
An argument for the Left.

—*the "peace of reconciliation," signed at San Francisco in September 1951. But though the occupation was over, relations between the U.S. and Japan remained unequal: under the original U.S.-Japanese Security Treaty, signed along with the peace treaty, the U.S. could use its Japanese bases to support military action elsewhere in Asia, could bring into Japan any weapons it chose, including H-bombs, could even use its forces to aid the Japanese government in putting down internal disturbances. These were bonds that left Japan precious little room for international maneuver and that chafed increasingly against dark memories of Hiroshima and the deep national pride of the Japanese people. When Nobusuke Kishi became Premier in February 1957, he was already talking of a "new era" of equality in Japanese-U.S. relations. Only ten days before Kishi took office, Douglas MacArthur II arrived in Tokyo as U.S. ambassador.*

The Gumshoe. No country could have been more suitable for Douglas MacArthur II's first ambassadorial post than Japan. By tradition, he should have become a military man: besides Uncle Douglas, the MacArthur military roster includes Douglas II's father, a Navy captain, and Grandfather Arthur MacArthur, who was U.S. military governor of the Philippines. At 13, on a courtesy visit to Japan aboard his father's ship, young Douglas—whose horizons had previously been limited to Bryn Mawr, Pa., and Washington, D.C.—decided once and for all that diplomacy was the life for him.

Back home, MacArthur went through Milton Academy and Yale, where he played guard on the 1931 football team captained by Albie ("Little Boy Blue") Booth. In 1934 he married Laura Louise ("Wahwee") Barkley, daughter of Veep-To-Be Alben Barkley. The next year he got his first Foreign Service appointment

with the Tokyo visit unless the Japanese government itself asked him to stay away. But with the pointed firmness that has led one colleague to dub him "the man with the most leg drive in the Foreign Service," MacArthur also pressed Kishi's government for details of the security measures planned for Ike's arrival. When he learned that Kishi's chief security scheme was to organize pro-government demonstrations to counter the leftists, MacArthur cabled Washington that he could no longer hold to his recommendation that Ike come.

As MacArthur had clearly recognized from the start, more was involved in the struggle raging inside Japan than the possibility of mob action against Ike. At bottom, what was at stake was the U.S.'s long-range interest in Japan. For in a classic sample of Communist strategy, all the trappings of democracy in Japan—a strong labor movement, a free press, an expanded educational system—were being employed to undermine the foundations of democratic government.

A Legacy from Uncle. No one is more aware than Douglas MacArthur II of the ironic fact that the weapons which the Communists are exploiting in Japan are in large part a legacy from the man he invariably calls "my uncle." When he landed at Atsugi Airport in August 1945, General MacArthur's task was to endow Japan with democratic institutions which would temper the physical power the Japanese had acquired by forced draft in the 90 years since Commodore Perry had forced them to abandon two centuries of hermitage. Through the sprawling military supergovernment known as SCAP (Supreme Commander Allied Powers), General MacArthur performed much of his mission brilliantly.

In a constitution written by SCAP's Government Section, the general gave the Japanese the liberties that some of them now seem bent on throwing away—free

speech, universal suffrage, an independent judiciary. In 1949, Detroit Banker Joseph Dodge, MacArthur's tough-minded economic adviser, forced upon the reluctant Japanese a stiff dose of deflation and decontrol—and thereby laid the foundations of Japan's present economic strength. No less vital was the land-reform program which, by redistributing 4,500,000 acres of land and cutting tenant farmers from 48% of the agricultural population to only 9%, gave Japan a contented rural population that has been the mainstay of its conservative-minded governments ever since.

Time for a Change. The days of SCAP tutelage in Japan ended with John Foster Dulles' first great diplomatic tour de force



TOKYO'S CENTRAL BUSINESS DISTRICT
A magnet for free Asia.

and began to display an affinity for adventure in what should have been dull diplomatic jobs. In Naples he did a gumshoe job on a network of passport forgers; in Vichy, after the fall of France, he acted as contact man with French Resistance leaders and helped smuggle out downed Allied pilots—a cloak-and-dagger existence ended only when he was interned by the Nazis for 15 months.

Professionally, MacArthur's crucial break came in 1951 when he was picked to make a three-week European tour with Dwight Eisenhower, then in the process of setting up NATO. He performed so ably that Ike drafted him as SHAPE adviser on international affairs. When Ike went into the White House, MacArthur followed him as Counselor of the State Department under John Foster Dulles. As self-styled "Chief of Staff for Conferences," MacArthur handled arrangements for the 1955 Geneva summit, traveled some 80,000 miles a year, and acquired his first major Asian experience by acting as Dulles' No. 2 man in the establishment of SEATO.

Like Dulles, he was a hard worker. Once when Dulles himself telephoned the MacArthur home asking for Doug, Mrs. MacArthur mistook him for an aide and snapped irately: "MacArthur is where MacArthur always is, weekdays. Saturdays, Sundays and nights—in that office." (Within minutes, MacArthur got a telephoned order from Dulles: "Go home at once, boy. Your home front is crumbling.") Admirng Dulles' love for uncluttered action, MacArthur also acquired Dulles' conviction that the best hope for peace lay in a network of anti-Communist alliances that the Communists could

clearly understand—with each nation involved being a free and willing partner of the U.S.

The Liabilities. In his pursuit of such partnership in Japan, Doug MacArthur discovered that his legacy from Uncle Douglas included some ominous liabilities. Most obvious was Article 9 of the Occupation-imposed Japanese Constitution, which reads flatly: "Land, sea and air forces, as well as other war potential, will never be maintained." With the outbreak of the Korean war, the U.S. did an about-face, began to pressure Japan to establish "self-defense forces." But the awkwardness of building a military machine in visible violation of the constitution has haunted every Japanese government since, has given the Socialists a powerful weapon in their unending campaign against rearmament.

More crippling yet, Article 9 has given a color of moral justification to the mass of non-leftist Japanese who simply don't want to pay the taxes to support an army. The result is that the Japanese military establishment today consists of 170,000 ground troops with World War II equipment, a 28,000-man navy with no ship heavier than 2,300 tons, and an air force that has 300 jet pilots but fewer than 400 jets.

A Drive for Trust. Though Japan clearly cannot defend itself, the attitude of most Japanese toward their military alliance with the U.S. nonetheless remains an unenthusiastic "yuumi wo enai [it can't be helped]"—which lends strength to the vocal minority which openly prefers neutrality or "neutralism leaning toward China." To forestall the possibility that this situation might ultimately explode in a flash of all-out hostility to the U.S., Ambassador MacArthur soon fell in with Kishi's insistence that the time had come for American concessions designed to convert the Japanese public from *yuumi wo enai* to a relationship of "mutual trust."

MacArthur's first drive for mutual trust came in early 1957 when, against the opposition of U.S. military men, he successfully argued that G.I. William Girard (TIME, May 27, 1957 *et seq.*) be tried in a Japanese court for his killing of a Japanese woman (which got Girard a three-year suspended sentence). Another notable MacArthur victory over the Pentagon was his success in securing a reduction of U.S. forces in Japan from some 100,000 to about 50,000. His key play for a new era in U.S.-Japanese relations began when he started to hammer out with the Japanese Foreign Office a revised Security Treaty.

To offset Socialist cries for a complete break with "U.S. imperialism," MacArthur plumped for an agreement highly favorable to Japan, which Kishi could point to as proof that the U.S. and Japan were now equal partners. The original Security Treaty had tied Japan to the U.S. in perpetuity, had entitled the U.S. to "come to Japan's defense" whether or not Japan so desired. The new treaty was limited to ten years, at which point Japan



OCCUPATION CHIEF MACARTHUR (1948)
A legacy of rebellion.

could refuse to renew it, and pledged the U.S. to "consult" with Japan before reacting militarily to a threat to Japanese or Far Eastern security. Implicitly—and by Japanese interpretation—the new treaty gave the Japanese government a veto power over the kind of weapons the U.S. could maintain in Japan as well as over deployment of Japanese-U.S. forces.

Back to Marx. At this point, Douglas MacArthur II ran smack into two more unfortunate monuments to his uncle's administration of Japan. In the heady early years of the occupation, General MacArthur was somehow persuaded to let SCAP's Labor Division fasten onto Japan a set of labor-relations laws that gave Japanese unions a ready-made war chest by imposing the dues "checkoff," and saddled the country with minimum standards for working hours, accident compensation, etc., matching those of the U.S. Desperately short of trained leaders, the unions all too often turned to Socialist and Communist agitators, who set about converting the labor movement into an anti-American political tool.

Even more ominous for Japan in the long term were the consequences of SCAP's educational reforms. Basic occupation policy on education was laid down in 1946 by an Education Mission heavily loaded with men who were devoted to the doctrines of Pragmatic Philosopher John Dewey. They failed to recognize that what Japan's children needed was not to learn to adjust to the shattered society around them but to be provided with a faith to replace the one Japan had lost. Simultaneously, SCAP's Information and Education Section set out to fill Japan's schools with teachers avowedly opposed to prewar Japanese policy. Thus encouraged, most of Japan's educators reverted to the Marxist beliefs so many of them had held in the 1920s. Nikkyoso, the 600,000-member Japanese teachers union,



JAPAN'S PREMIER KISHI
A harvest of violence.

soon fell under Marxist domination. Preached at in their classrooms, often encouraged to skip school for political demonstrations, a whole generation of Japanese has grown up in an atmosphere of reverse McCarthyism.

The "Don't Knows." What made the unholy Marxist alliance between Japan's labor leaders and intellectuals particularly dangerous was the passivity of Japan's masses, who still cherish great respect for their nation's anarchic intelligentsia and are so reluctant to take a stand on anything that opinion polls regularly turn up a majority of "don't knows." When the Red-led unions and students launched their increasingly violent campaign against Kishi and the treaty, the majority of conservative-voting Japanese almost certainly disapproved—but did nothing.

At the start of the conflict, Douglas MacArthur II clearly underestimated its potential dangers to the U.S. Though he

To Japanese—who hold to the characteristically Oriental belief that if the majority of a group wants a rifle and a determined minority insists on no rifle, the proper solution is to get half a rifle—Kishi's entirely legal maneuver constituted a heinous sin known as "the tyranny of the majority." And to compound this offense, Kishi had so arranged things that if the Diet were still in session, the treaty would automatically be ratified on the day of Dwight Eisenhower's scheduled arrival. To many Japanese this seemed entirely too much like truckling to the U.S.

A Thought for Neutrals. The price that Kishi himself would have to pay for his error was now painfully clear. Courageously defying continuing riots, the strong-willed Premier kept the Diet in session until the vital moment at week's end when the revised Security Treaty at last achieved ratification. But from sources within his own squabbling party came

ratified, the triumph they had scored might well embolden Japan's leftists in their avowed purpose of bringing down one conservative government after another by violence—a process which could ultimately render effective U.S. use of Japanese bases impossible. If necessary, U.S. forces in the Pacific could abandon their Japanese bases and still carry out all their commitments save one—prosecution of a renewed war in Korea. But to withdraw U.S. staging and support bases to Hawaii, Guam and the Philippines would vastly increase the demands of U.S. Pacific strategy on U.S. manpower, money and military equipment; without Japan's great Yokosuka and Sasebo naval yard, the Navy alone would probably have to double the number of men and ships assigned to the Seventh Fleet.

Beyond purely military considerations lay the vital importance of U.S.-Japanese political and economic cooperation to the whole free-world position in Asia. A Japanese accommodation with the Communist world, asserts Douglas MacArthur II, would almost certainly start the rest of the non-Communist Asian nations "running foot races to Peking to sign up with what they would consider to be the wave of the future." Aware that some dismiss him as an alarmist, MacArthur nonetheless insists that "without the great arc of free Asia of which Japan is the keystone, the U.S. system 'could never survive.'

The End of Sleep. A hundred years ago last week, after watching Japan's first envoys to the U.S. ride up New York's Broadway, Walt Whitman wrote:

*I chant my sail-ships and steam-ships
threading the archipelagos;
I chant my stars and stripes fluttering
in the wind;
I chant commerce opening, the sleep of
ages having done its work—races re-
born, refresh'd;
Lives, works, resumed—the object I
know not—but the old, the Asiatic
resumed as it must be . . .*

Twice since Perry, the stars and stripes have, as Whitman foresaw, sparked re-birth in Japan. To what object is little more certain now than it was in 1860. Despite the cries of "Yankee, go home" that rang through Tokyo last week, there were still grounds for hope that the object might be a mutual one. Tokyo's optimists hoped that ordinary Japanese, whose bitter memories of right-wing militarism have long blinded them to the danger of a left-wing power seizure, might at last be awakened to the Communist threat by the spectacle of the Red-led violence. For the U.S., shocked at last into an awareness of what was at stake in Japan, Douglas MacArthur II held out a vision of what could be. Said he: "If the Japanese can stop the extreme left from paralyzing democracy and get on with the orderly development of the economy, Japan has a big future in Asia and in the world. Japan is proof positive that Asia does not need communism and Communism; that a free society can, without regimentation, make tremendous progress."



DOUGLAS & MRS. MACARTHUR WITH DAUGHTER MIMI (LEFT)
"Go home at once, boy!"

warned, "I don't exclude physical violence and mob scenes," he admittedly did not foresee the possible mobbing of Dwight Eisenhower himself. The miscalculation was understandable. When Ike's trip to Japan was planned five months ago, it was assumed that he would arrive in Tokyo fresh from Moscow, impregnable in the mantle of a peacemaker and relaxer of East-West tensions. Another misadventure MacArthur could not reasonably have been expected to foresee was how fatally Nobusuke Kishi would play into the hands of his opponents.

Half a Rifle. On the evening of last May 19, when the lower house of the Diet was scheduled to consider the Security Treaty, its Socialist minority sought to prevent the session by barricading Speaker Ichiro Kiyose in his office. When Kiyose called in 500 cops to break the blockade, the Socialists walked out of the session entirely. At that, Nobusuke Kishi—a man with an un-Japanese addiction to direct action—persuaded his Liberal-Democratic majority to pass the treaty then and there.

word that Kishi would have to resign his premiership by autumn at the latest, might well be compelled to quit long before that (see FOREIGN NEWS).

Less clear were the probable consequences of last week's misadventure on the international position of the U.S. With noisy triumph, Peking hailed the cancellation of Ike's visit as "an unprecedented loss of face." But from surprising quarters of Asia came indications that, far from taking any pleasure in U.S. discomfiture, even some neutralists found in it food for sober thought about Communist imperialism. Declared Rangoon's *Guardian*: "The lesson of Japan is all too plain to us in Burma and in the smaller countries of Asia. None of us can afford to give the least ground to those who think nothing of using violence to force their aims and objects on a peaceable majority."

All But One. More important than U.S. fate was the question of what last week's events in Tokyo implied for the future course of U.S.-Japanese relations. Though the new treaty had been formally

THE CONGRESS

Drive for Adjournment

"We have dawdled along month after month with no bills on the calendar," said Pennsylvania's Joe Clark to a well-filled Senate Chamber. "Now we find ourselves in a hectic position of disarray, trying desperately to pass enough legislation so that we will not be held up to the scorn of the country."

Liberal Democrat Clark's tongue-lash was meant for Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson, but it made a certain amount of sense to his red-eyed, rumpled colleagues, worn down by 14-hour working days as they rushed toward adjournment before the July 11 Democratic Convention. The House side was equally hectic. After five leisurely months, the 86th Congress last week launched a frantic drive to pass "must" legislation. Items:

¶ The House passed (258-124) a \$3.58 billion foreign-aid bill, \$900.5 million below Administration requests, but a surprising \$200 million above the \$3.38 billion package backed by House Speaker Sam Rayburn—thanks to a rare combination of conservative Republicans and liberal Democrats engineered by Minority Leader Charlie Halleck. New York's Old Guard John Taber, longtime aid trimmer, led the disciplined Republican ranks in bidding for \$200 million more for military assistance (total: \$1.8 billion), which the Democrats supported. In return, Halleck & Co. voted to restore U.S. aid (\$515 million over ten years) to the Indus River project for India and Pakistan, a favorite liberal cause. On the strength of that *quid pro quo*, the coalition scored a smashing 212-173 roll-call victory, passed the aid bill to the openhanded Senate, which will likely push it close to Ike's original figure.

¶ The Senate spent half the fiscal 1961 federal budget by appropriating \$40.5 billion for defense—\$1 billion more than the original Administration request and the total in the House-passed bill. In its mood of cold war militancy, it approved (85-0) multimillion-dollar boosts for the Atlas, Minuteman and Polaris missiles, pushed the Samos, Midas and Discoverer satellites, pumped new life into the B-70 bomber and Bomarc antiaircraft-missile program, bolstered the Army's airlift capability, and earmarked \$203 million for a conventionally powered supercarrier. Added by floor amendment were \$90 million (for a \$422 million total) to modernize Army weapons and \$40 million to keep the Marine Corps at 200,000 men. A conference committee would likely split House-Senate differences, peg defense spending at some \$600 million over Ike's budget.

¶ The Senate, by voice vote, stripped the controversial non-Communist affidavit requirement from the 1958 National Defense Education Act, added criminal penalties (five years, \$10,000 fine) for anyone accepting a scholarship while a member of the Communist Party or within five years of such membership.

¶ Senate and House passed a constitutional amendment enfranchising residents

of the District of Columbia in presidential elections. The amendment now must be approved by three-fourths (38) of the states within seven years. The prospective 23rd Amendment would give the district three votes in the Electoral College—the number held by "the least populous states" (Alaska, Vermont, Delaware, Nevada, Wyoming and Hawaii).

¶ The House, under the hard eye of swarming lobbyists, launched a 7.5% across-the-board pay hike for 1,600,000 civil service and postal employees. Cost: \$746 million. Headed for a sure veto by like the election-year offering passed by a lopsided 377-40, swept through the Senate by another veto-proof landslide (62-17), over sharp complaints by Arizona Republican Barry Goldwater ("A purely political bill") and Idaho's Frank Church, Democratic Convention keynoter: "I can't in good conscience support a \$750 million bill to flatten the federal payroll."

DEMOCRATS Caresses & Brass Knuckles

The Democratic presidential nomination was all but within Jack Kennedy's reach. His aides jubilantly announced that he had 710 of the needed 561 first-ballot votes at the Democratic Convention; even allowing for the obvious inflation, Kennedy was very close to walking away with the title three weeks before the convention opened. "We'll have the votes reasonably soon," he said, "or not at all."

Getting those last votes was keeping Kennedy on the move. His preconvention windup was aimed in two directions: 1) picking up stray, overlooked delegates in the smaller states, and 2) trying by every kind of push and pressure to topple the big, still uncommitted states that can put him across. Items:

¶ At a National Democratic Club luncheon in Manhattan, Kennedy and his hosts, New York's Democratic leaders, were all smiles and compliments. One after another, the bigwigs pledged their support. "His strength," said Tammany's Carmine De Sopio, "has continued to magnify itself." And former Governor Averell Harriman (involved in a backstage battle with New York's Mayor Wagner for leadership of the delegation to the convention) sounded agreement. "Almost all of us think you will do more good for our party if you get the nomination, particularly in New York State." As the lunch turned into a love fest, Kennedy could count on a big majority, if not all, of the Empire State's 114 votes.

¶ California's Governor Pat Brown (81 votes), like Ohio's Mike Di Salle and Maryland's Millard Tawes before him, got the brass-knuckle treatment. Snapped to a Brown emissary in Washington: "I want you to tell Pat that I need his endorsement and I need it before July 1st." When the Brown man protested, Kennedy cut in: "You tell him I've got to have his endorsement. I stayed out of his state—I could have beaten hell out of him—because you, Brown and the others told me I'd be tearing up the party."



— J. Gostett Jr.—The New York Times

KENNEDY & NEW YORKERS[®]
Early—or not at all.

¶ Pennsylvania (81 votes) got the silent treatment. Governor David Lawrence, who has steadfastly refused to look in Kennedy's direction or to relax his grip on his restive delegation, was silent too. Kennedy's hope was that if he could show Lawrence the ears and tail of New York and California, Lawrence would put aside his misgivings about a fellow Roman Catholic's ability to win the presidency, and capitulate.

¶ A group of New Jersey Democratic leaders promised Kennedy that they would deliver 35 of the state's 41 votes on "request." When the *New York Times* leaked the story, Governor Robert Meyer denied it, but the Democratic bigwigs promptly reconfirmed it.

Against the drama of Kennedy's no-quarter battle, the maneuverings of the other Democratic candidates paled. To the surprise of no one, Lyndon Johnson got a landslide vote of confidence from the Texas delegation—and the withdrawal of Herman Talmadge as the white hope of the Dixiecrats solidified the Solid South behind Johnson. Stu Symington's waning hopes still centered on a miracle in Los Angeles. Such a miracle could happen, if resentful over Kennedy's tough tactics exploded. But the risk was small.

THE CAMPAIGN

Nixon v. Kennedy

The two heavyweight candidates squared off last week, as if the preliminaries were all over and the main event were well under way. Dick Nixon and Jack Kennedy measured their own and each other's weaknesses, and began to run against each other.

Kennedy. Kennedy's weakness, in the public image, was foreign policy. Since

¶ State Chairman Mike Prendergast (left) & Tammany Leader Carmine De Sopio,

The summit breakup in Paris, he has been bruised by the suspicion that he is too young to handle the man-sized diplomatic problems confronting the U.S. To erase that impression, he put on a statesman-like dark suit, white shirt and sober, figured tie to deliver a major Senate speech on foreign policy. He laid down a twelve-point program that few could quarrel with (buildup of U.S. strength, closer relations with Latin America, new muscles for NATO, increased aid for underdeveloped nations, etc.). He pleased liberals with a proposal to "improve our communications with mainland China." And since foreign policy is Nixon's strength, Kennedy let fly with some blows at the foreign policy of the Administration—and Dick Nixon.

"As a substitute for policy," said he, "Mr. Eisenhower has tried smiling at the

Russians; our State Department has tried frowning; Mr. Nixon has tried both. As long as Mr. Khrushchev is convinced that the balance of power is shifting his way, no amount of either smiles or toughness, neither Camp David talks nor kitchen debates, can compel him to enter fruitful negotiations." What the U.S. needs, he said, is strength to prove to the Russians that negotiation is their only hope.

Nixon, Nixon's weakness, for strategic reasons, is farm policy. Republican strategists believe that Kennedy's main voting strength lies in the industrial states. Taking the gloomiest view, they are prepared to write off New England and possibly even New York and New Jersey. They concede a close fight in Pennsylvania and Michigan, perhaps even in Nixon's own California. Hence anti-Kennedy insur-
ance requires that Nixon score at least

as well in the Democratic South as Ike did against Stevenson in 1956, and fight hard to carry the restive farm states.

Accordingly, Nixon took off, at week's end, on a four-day flight to Texas, the Dakotas and Missouri. Although his official campaign kickoff is scheduled for Sept. 19, Nixon winged into Fargo® with a formal speech in his briefcase. Subject: farm policy.

• The occasion for the North Dakota trip was next week's special election of a new U.S. Senator to fill the seat of the late "Wild Bill" Langer. The contestants: Republican Governor John E. Davis and Democratic Congressman Quentin Burdick were all but lost in the throng of their supporting casts. Jack Kennedy and Stu Symington got out of town as Nixon arrived, and Nelson Rockefeller, House Republican Leader Charlie Halleck and Senate Campaign Director Barry Goldwater have all taken their turns on the stump.

IS THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN TOO LONG?

Both Allies & Candidates Think So

EVERY four years, in just about the length of time it takes to produce a baby hippopotamus, the U.S. brings forth a President. From the first, frosty preprimary campaigning in February until the last hurrah in November, the nation becomes increasingly absorbed with its own inner stirrings, increasingly detached from the affairs of the outside world. In happier times, the U.S. could afford its quadrennial "year of paralysis" while an indulgent world stood by until everything was once more in order in Washington. But in the presidential-election year of 1960—the year of the Communists' world propaganda push—the flaws of the long campaign are more and more apparent. Among them:

During lengthy campaigns too many foreign-policy pronouncements are designed for domestic consumption, to the confusion of the U.S.'s allies. "As the date of the American elections grows nearer," said sagacious old Konrad Adenauer last week, "a difficult time in foreign policy begins. Public opinion in the U.S. will be increasingly preoccupied with domestic affairs. It is not excluded that Khrushchev will take advantage of this period for his designs. It is now all the more necessary to pay closest attention to what Khrushchev does and says."

The 22nd Amendment, restricting U.S. Presidents to two terms, tempts foreign nations to put less and less trust in a second-term President's policies. Khrushchev, in his airy dismissal of the Eisenhower Administration ("Within six or eight months, we shall again meet . . . in a new, more favorable atmosphere"), had not missed the point.

The long campaign is debilitating, tedious and expensive for the candidates. "Obviously a year of perambulating, incessant exposure is exhausting," says Adlai Stevenson. "You grow weary, frustrated and bored. Any man who has listened to himself several times daily since February is not likely to inspire his countrymen in October." In the five months between New Hampshire and Los Angeles, Front Runner Jack Kennedy will have traveled an estimated 65,000 air miles, spent at least \$700,000 and delivered 350 speeches—an exhausting pace even for a relatively young candidate, and a whopping bankroll even for a millionaire. Kennedy is not likely to complain, since seven primary campaigns have made him the best-known hopeful. But even if he wins the Democratic nomination, Kennedy will be no closer to Election Day than the halfway mark.

Despite democracy's built-in respect for political debate, the public actually gains little enlightenment from prolonged campaigning. Today's candidate carefully par-

celes out his program over the length of the campaign and understandably saves the best for last. He usually avoids debates like the plague for fear of making an embarrassing slip. Said Woodrow Wilson, from the rear platform of a 1912 campaign train: "I would a great deal rather make your acquaintance than leave a compound fracture of an idea behind me." Adds Vice President Richard Nixon: "The longer the candidate is in the field, the greater the hazard to him. No candidate wants to lay out an entire program for 1961 in January 1960."

Even with an extended campaign, the best man is not always selected (Clay, Webster and Greeley were all defeated by lesser statesmen). Nor is a razzle-dazzle road show a prerequisite to victory on Election Day: William McKinley, in 1896, and Warren G. Harding, in 1920, won easily with "front-porch" campaigns, letting the groups of voters and the politicians come to them. And Franklin Roosevelt used the pressures of wartime as a reason for limiting his campaign appearances outside Washington to a bare minimum in 1940 and 1944.

National elections in Britain and France are run off in three to six weeks. Even in such leisurely Oriental nations as Burma and Cambodia, where political campaigns are measured off by astrologers, an election is no more time-consuming than two months. In an age of jet planes and television, and short-order speeches by ghosts, say the critics, U.S. campaigns are as outmoded as the Stanley Steamer.

While the reformers would all shorten the election year, they all disagree on the methods of change. Some would eliminate the state primaries; others would settle for a national primary, or 50 state primaries in the same week. The conventions might be pushed forward to August or September, or Election Day moved back. There is no universal panacea. Says Dick Nixon, facing the toughest campaign of his life: "The campaigns are certainly too long for the well-being of the candidates. Here is one place where I think our British cousins have a good word. They have a three-week campaign, and I'd be for it. But I doubt if the American people would ever stand for it." Historian Allan Nevins is not so sure: "There is no ideal solution for something so complicated. Democracies always work in a partially unsatisfactory way and are necessarily clumsy. There is no one highly efficient method for the 180 million people who live in our democratic society. But the need for drastic reform of our political campaigns is obvious."

"This," said he, "is the toughest and biggest domestic problem confronting America today . . . Beating Secretary Benson around the head or damning the Democratic Congress will not help the farmer." In his specific proposals he then:

¶ Blamed the "majority" in Congress for blocking Administration efforts to modernize farm programs.

¶ Acknowledged that the Government helped get the farmer into trouble, should share the cost for getting him out.

¶ Hinted that the parity price program is obsolete—at its best it treats the symptoms and not the cause—but postponed discussion of the problem of parity "since it is now before the Congress."

¶ Listed as "our major aim" an effort "not to reduce production but to expand the markets. . . . One solution offered by Nixon (with a bow to Rockefeller, who had suggested it first): "A year's supply of food for the nation [should] be set aside against the eventuality of an atomic attack . . . A research program should be undertaken to find economically feasible ways to convert surplus grains into storable form." Others included increased "research for expanding the commercial uses of farm products," and broadening of the President's program to provide food for the hungry overseas.

Though nothing very earth-shaking came out of either of the major speeches, they proved that each candidate-presumptive had a campaign battle-plan up his sleeve before a single convention delegate had yet cast his vote.

POLITICAL NOTES

"I Shall Go to Chicago . . ."

¶ After saying last January that he expected to lead New York's 96-vote delegation to the G.O.P. Convention in Chicago, and writing Republican National Chairman Thruston Morton in May that he "would not attend in any capacity" because his "mere attendance could be misconstrued," Governor Nelson Rockefeller last week announced that he would lead the New York flock to the Chicago stockyards, after all. Rocky finally decided the trip was worthwhile after he had been assured that the delegates would be pledged to no candidate, and that nobody in Chicago was going to ask him to be Vice President.

¶ After saying in January 1959 that he needed \$277 million in new taxes to put New York in the black, and scoffing at Republicans and Democrats who warned that he was vastly underestimating revenue, Rockefeller acknowledged that New York is on the brink of a \$90 million budget surplus. That being the case, said he at a crowded G.O.P. \$100-a-plate Waldorf dinner, New Yorkers can look forward to a 10% cut in state income taxes in Election Year 1960.

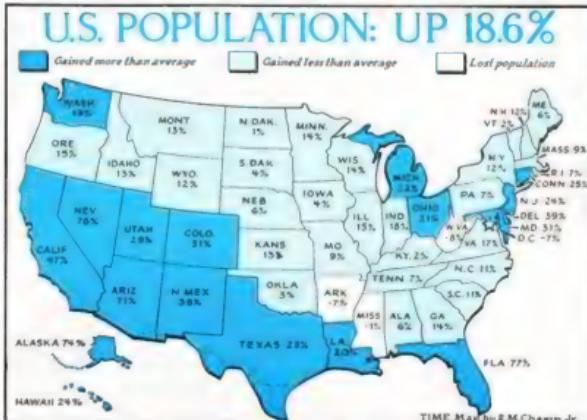
* Minus New York's Tom Dewey, Republicans presidential candidate in 1944 and 1948 and a Nixon "no man," who will miss his first convention in 20 years because, as he told Rocky with a straight face, he has business appointments in Europe.

POPULATION Growing & Moving

The U.S. Constitution provided for a census every ten years to apportion members of the House of Representatives among the states according to population. Since the founding fathers got the idea, the ten-year nose count has come to govern a whole range of basic decisions—a state's claim on the Federal Government for matching funds, a city's claim on the state for tax revenue, a government's projection of the size of its future public services, and even U.S. business guesses about the size and location of markets. Last week the national dials spun like

and federal tax revenue. San Francisco stands to lose up to \$2,000,000 in tax kickbacks because other California cities have grown so fast that they will get bigger portions from the tax pot. New York City figures to lose \$1,350,000 in state tax income because it slipped by 242,000 to 7,650,000. Sign of the times: most of what New York loses will go to suburban Nassau and Suffolk counties, whose combined count has more than doubled in the past decade to 1,052,000.

As surrounding Cook County soared by some 300,000 to this year's 5,000,000, Chicago slipped by some 150,000 to 3,471,000. Detroit fell by 171,000 to 1,670,000; Cleveland was down 43,000 to 871,000;



taxis meters as the preliminary figures for the 1960 census showed that the U.S. population has risen by 28 million in ten years (a vigorous 18.6% growth rate) to an estimated total of 179.5 million.

The big four among the states (see map) are still New York (up 12% but due to lose three Congressmen because the increase does not match the national average), Pennsylvania (up 7%, due to lose three), California (up 47%, due to gain eight) and Illinois (up 15%, due to lose one). Fastest-growing Florida (up 77%) jumped from 20th to tenth state to win four new House seats.

With the shift in state populations came a sweeping decline in urban populations. Most major U.S. cities lost citizens to the suburbs, but none wanted to admit it. San Francisco schoolchildren skipped home carrying little white slips of paper urging parents to "get counted" if they had missed the census. New York City's tableaus carried coupons for uncounted citizens to fill in and mail. Cleveland city fathers dispatched building inspectors to ferret out anyone who might have slipped by the federal census takers.

More than civic pride is at stake in the dwindling city count. As a city's population drops, so does its share of the state

St. Louis lost 92,000, down to 765,000; Cincinnati slipped 16,000 to 488,000. Some middle-sized cities expanded by annexation, such as Kansas City, Mo. (up 20,000 to 468,000) and Columbus, Ohio (up 30,000 to 461,000).

The only growing city among the nation's top ten was third-ranked Los Angeles, up from 1,970,000 to 2,352,000, but Los Angeles County expanded twice as rapidly, from 4,152,000 to 6,020,000, to overhaul Chicago's Cook County as the nation's second biggest metropolitan area (after the New York area's 14.6 million). Other gainers were cities that still have space for suburban-type living in town, such as Atlanta (up 47% to 487,000) and Tampa (up 117% to 271,000).

Progress—in industry, technology and economics—helps explain America's migrations in the past decade. Industries moved West and South, and people flocked after on newly constructed cross-country superhighways. Construction of city expressways cleared away chunks of urban residential areas, made it easier for people to commute. And rising family incomes (up from an average \$4,440 in 1950 to more than \$6,500 in 1960) enabled more and more U.S. cityfolk to move out to the suburbs (TIME cover, June 20).

FOREIGN NEWS

JAPAN

The Expendable Premier

"We won! We won!" chanted the student rioters as, with locked arms, they snake danced crazily before Premier Nobusuke Kishi's suburban home. Behind drawn curtains, protected by a cordon of police, barbed wire and a high wall, the aging Premier could hear the voices crying, "Kill Kishi! Kill Kishi!" Desereted by most of his Cabinet, his chief of police and the weak-kneed leaders of his Liberal Democratic Party, Kishi had finally asked President Dwight Eisenhower to cancel his visit to Japan.

Reddened Windows. The showdown began on Wednesday night, when Kishi summoned a Cabinet meeting in his official residence across from the white granite Diet building. As the 17 ministers assembled shortly after midnight, the windows were reddened by the glare of flames from police trucks set ablaze by 14,000 rioters outside. They could hear the howl of the mob as it acclaimed the martyrdom of a 22-year-old coed named Michiko Kamba, who had been trampled as the

stone-throwing mob reeled backward under the charge of 4,000 nightstick-swinging policemen.

Speaking in level tones, Kishi explained that the U.S. Government had advised Japan that "postponement" of Eisenhower's visit could be requested right up to the time Ike left Manila. But after that, it would be very awkward, Kishi said the "anti-Ike" demonstrations were clearly the work of international Communism, whose basic aim was to disrupt friendly relations between the U.S. and Japan.

Drumming Thud. Tough-minded Hayato Ikeda, the Minister of Trade, agreed with Kishi, said that "to postpone the visit would be to bow to Communist pressure." But Minister of State Akagi strongly advised cancellation. Kishi turned to National Police Director Ishiwara and asked his opinion. Japan's top cop replied cautiously, "There is a limit to the guarantees the police can give about protecting the President," and urged Kishi to "reconsider" the invitation to Ike. Two other Cabinet members said they thought the police chief's advice should be ac-

cepted. None of the others had anything to say. Promising to think the matter over, Kishi adjourned the meeting. From outside came the popping explosion of tear-gas grenades and the drumming thud of feet as the weeping rioters fled.

The next morning, at his private home in Shibuya suburb, Kishi was visited by a prominent member of the Imperial household. In what amounted to a command from the Emperor himself, Kishi was told that the Imperial chamberlains had decided that Emperor Hirohito, who was scheduled to ride with Eisenhower from the Tokyo airport, could "not be put in a position where he might be involved in politics." Obviously, the chamberlains feared that any attack on the bulletproof, chrysanthemum-paneled imperial limousine would not only wreck U.S.-Japanese relations, but also possibly destroy the already fragile myth that the Emperor is still revered and respected.

Fighting for time, Kishi summoned two Liberal Democratic chieftains, and got no comfort from them. At 4 o'clock, Kishi told the assembled Cabinet he had decided to ask Eisenhower to postpone his visit to Japan. In obvious relief, the Cabinet endorsed his decision, and it was forwarded to U.S. Ambassador Douglas MacArthur II.

Lost Scalp. In the eyes of even his closest supporters, Kishi was finished. Against him were ranged the Socialists, the Communists, the hot-eyed Zengakuren students. Every Tokyo newspaper, except the English-language *Japan Times*, called for his scalp. In his own faction-ridden Liberal Democratic Party, knives were being sharpened as the politicos dreamed of artfully seizing the premiership—just as Kishi himself had captured the post three years before.

Where had Kishi miscalculated? Events had been set in train in mid-May when the Premier told his Liberal Democrats, "We are going to go all out to get the Security Treaty through the Diet." The Socialists went all out to stop him: they blockaded the 76-year-old Speaker of the House in his office; when he was freed by police and entered the chamber, Socialist Deputies nearly strangled him. With only Liberal Democratic Deputies voting, the Security Treaty was approved by a standing vote.

But Kishi's maneuver won violent condemnation in the press. Ignoring the fact that the Socialists were the first to employ violence, newspapers blamed the Premier for "trampling democracy underfoot." Some of Kishi's own Liberal Democrats seemed to agree. The Communist Party happily stoked the flames. "We must block Eisenhower's visit in order to make clear that the campaign is against U.S. imperialism," said Communist Kaoru Yasui.

What Unrest? At a news conference announcing the cancellation of Ike's visit, Kishi angrily blamed the situation on a



TOKYO STUDENTS' SNAKE DANCE OF VICTORY OUTSIDE DIET
At the height of the uproar, baseball, movies and politics as usual.

Associated Press

"minority mob." With their peculiar obtuseness, Japanese reporters murmured something about widespread "social unrest." Snapped Kishi: "There are baseball games being played right now to capacity crowds. Movie theaters have packed houses. Here in Tokyo, the Ginza is full of happy-looking pedestrians." Kishi spoke the truth. The Wednesday night riot that frightened his Cabinet was confined

to a small area around the Diet. At the height of the uproar, there was a brisk and continuous flow of taxis and private cars scarcely a block away. All week long, Kishi himself drove around Tokyo in a small sedan, followed by a single car with plainclothesmen. Because he always stopped obediently at traffic lights, no one noticed him.

But Kishi was still determined to sweat

out final ratification of the treaty. The Socialists mustered their forces to demand a Diet recess, which would stall off ratification. Demonstrators seethed around the Diet building. Thousands of students attended the funeral of their "Joan of Arc," Michiko Kamba, and a flower-decked altar was set up at the spot where she had been trampled to death. In the Diet courtyard, where he was collecting signatures

THE MEN BEHIND THE MOBS

When Tokyo's streets fill with thousands of stone-throwing rioters, the men who sent them there are seldom to be seen. Top planners of Tokyo's riots:

Inejiro Asanuma, 63, chairman of the Socialist Party. A gravel-voiced orator as round as he is tall (weight: 225 lbs.), Asanuma is admiringly called "the man locomotive." Thick-headed as well as ham-handed, Asanuma graduated from Waseda University and promptly became a labor agitator. When a minority group of moderates bolted the party last November because of disgust with the Socialist leadership's parroting of the Communist line, Asanuma was elected chairman of the remainder. Before the split, the Socialists polled a total of 1.3 million votes — 2.3 million for Kishi's Democratic Liberals.

An indefatigable speechmaker of the shirt-sleeve-and-gallows school, Asanuma seems seriously to believe that Japan is a U.S. colony. When he is with his friends, Asanuma bursts into violent denunciations of U.S. imperialism as the "common enemy" of Japan and Red China. But with Americans he sweetly protests he is not anti-U.S. The growing violence in the streets and the cancellation of Eisenhower's visit appear to Asanuma as an augury of total victory. He boasts: "We are now on top!"

Akira Iwai, 38, secretary-general of Sohyo, a federation of 22 left-wing labor unions with a membership of 3,500,000. On finishing junior high school, handsome, hard-driving Iwai worked as a grease monkey on the Japanese National Railways. After the war, he first won the leadership of a youth section of the union then became a hard-boiled strategist in a series of railway strikes. Nine of the 22 Sohyo unions — including the railroaders — are run by "secret" Communists, and they supply much of the marching manpower in the blocks-long demonstrations. Iwai's boys also helped out by wildcat strikes that stalled streetcars and commuters' trains. Japan, according to Akira Iwai, "is under the control of American and Japanese capitalists," and he opposes the Security Pact because it "can only antagonize our two powerful neighbors on the continent," Red China and the Soviet Union. Sohyo is nominally run by fat, moon-faced Kaoru Ota, 48, but the real power is firmly in Iwai's ambitious grasp.

Nobuo Aruga, 22, one of the major leaders in the rotating top leadership of Zengakuren the student federation claiming to represent half of Japan's 677,000 undergraduates. A fourth-year law student at Tokyo University, he

is soft-voiced, polite and smiling, comes of a middle-class family. His father was an army colonel in Manchuria, spent three years as a Soviet prisoner of war, and has no sympathy with Nobuo's ideas. His mother loyally supports her son, but Nobuo says patronizingly "Being a woman, she knows nothing about it."

A member of the "Mainstream" Trotskyite faction, Aruga is far out politically. Though currently allied with the Socialists and Communists, he expects eventually to fight them both. Why? Because they, just like the capitalists, are "enemies of peace, democracy and student freedom." What is needed, says Aruga, are "people's revolutions in all countries" to overthrow "corrupt" rulers. Once that has been done, people are so innately good, he says, that they will require only "minimum control by government." Except for the fact that nuclear war would "lead to humanity's end," Aruga would applaud a death struggle between the West and Communism — it would simply be a "futile struggle between different sorts of bureaucrats."

Sanzo Nozaka, 68, chairman of the Japanese Communist Party. A trim, dapper theoretician who learned his Marxism in Moscow, Nozaka was educated at Tokyo's Keio University, joined the Reds during a 1920 visit to Britain, where he studied under Clement Attlee at the London School of Economics. Deported, he returned to Japan and was in and out of jail until 1931, when he fled to Russia with his wife and became an executive member of the Comintern. In 1943, Nozaka was sent to join Mao Tse-tung in the Yenan caves as an adviser; at war's end he started back to Japan in a U.S. military transport plane. He was purged by General Douglas MacArthur for agitating against the Korean war, went underground, and surfaced again in 1956.

Quiet, tenacious and coldly intellectual, Nozaka prefers to stay in the background and strives to keep the Communist Party offstage as well. On occasion, when public opinion has turned hostile to too much violence, he has urged the Japanese Communist Party to strive to be "lovable." In the anti-Kishi, anti-American agitation, the Communists have supplied money (cost of the riots: an estimated \$1,400,000), direction and organizing ability but have cannily let the Socialists, Sohyo and the Zengakuren crackpots take the vocal lead.



SOCIALISTS' ASANUMA



SOHYO'S IWAI



ZENGAKUREN'S ARUGA



COMMUNISTS' NOZAKA

against the treaty, a Socialist bigwig was stabbed in the shoulder by a mechanic who said he was fed up with Socialist violence. Socialist Deputies cornered Kishi in a corridor of the Diet building and shoved him about, grabbing his coat and yanking his necktie. "You're responsible for all this!" they shouted. "It wouldn't happen if you'd resign!"

Dragons v. Giants. At week's end the Socialists massed 100,000 demonstrators around the Diet to shout futilely against the midnight ratification of the treaty. They carried signs reading "Kishi, Kill Yourself!" Across the street, in his official residence, Kishi passed the early hours of the evening watching a televised baseball game in which the Chunichi Dragons edged the Tokyo Giants, 3-1. Close to midnight, Kishi posed for news photographers and glanced at his watch. "Seven minutes more," he said, smiling. As the clock struck 12 and the Security Treaty was automatically ratified, he nibbled a sandwich but proposed no toasts.

In the street outside, a Socialist cried: "The struggle has not ended! It will end only when all U.S. bases are out of the country!" A coed complained that it was "undemocratic" for police to prevent the students from entering the Diet building. Asked what they would do if they were admitted, she replied: "Burn it."

Morning After. Next day, the Japanese newspapers continued their amazing mental acrobatics (see *PRESS*). The Tokyo *Asahi*, which had been violently denouncing the Security Treaty, blandly admitted that "there is a great improvement in the new treaty as compared with the old one." Nagoya's *Chubu Nippon* declared: "Kishi's resignation precedes all other conceivable measures as a way out of chaos, no matter how justifiable his stand may seem. Among other things he is responsible for Kishi to render an account of how he came to postpone the Eisenhower visit."

Three leading newspapers had shown evidence of remorse by issuing a joint statement warning: "We believe any social trend that approves of violence will lead to destruction of democracy." One leading Socialist, Mrs. Shizue Kato, spoke up in belated alarm: "The battle of the Diet was planned by a small group run by a subversive ideology. As a Socialist, I wish to apologize deeply to the nation for having been too cowardly these past weeks to say what I knew was right."

End of Mission. This week the Socialists were still boycotting the Diet, threatening to use force against any further legislation they disapprove of. Soyo planned to pull out the railwaymen in a big protest strike. No one, probably not even they themselves, knows what the Zengakuren students will do next.

For the moment, Japan seemed pleasantly exhausted, like a child who has had a tantrum and now wants to be friends. In the mild June weather, people strolled around the Diet building: the young men in white shirts without jackets, the girls in their summer dresses. One solitary uniformed guard stood at the Diet gate

where thousands fought last week, but no attempt was made to keep people out.

But Kishi's dedicated mission is nearly at an end. Once the U.S. Congress ratifies the Security Treaty and the documents are exchanged in Tokyo (possible date: June 27), he is expected to step down as Premier. His resignation will be followed by national elections, which even the Socialists concede will be won by Kishi's party, the Liberal Democrats. The likely new Premier: Trade Minister Hayato Ikeda, 61, who was one of the very few to support Kishi to the end. A Liberal

President Eisenhower at the presidential palace on Sunday. Huh Chung himself took over the job of Acting Premier, which commands the real power under the new constitution.

With the new constitution authorized, Kwak. Huh and the Assembly will be automatically out of office on July 29. Then elections will be held to choose South Korea's new leaders. It was the most encouraging sign yet that South Korea was recovering from its post-revolutionary jag of vengeance and mutual acrimony, which at one time had brought the country perilously close to chaos.

COMMUNISTS

The Wishful Haters

The ideological row between Moscow and Peking grew shriller last week than any dispute ever overheard between states claiming to live in Marxist unity and solidarity. The comrades were not arguing about trivialities: the Chinese want Communism fast and by brute force; the Russians, having built up their industrial and armed might, want to proceed a bit cautiously.

Clearly Mao Tse-tung was challenging Nikita Khrushchev as the ideological leader of the Communist world. The downing of the U.S. spy plane and the Paris summit fiasco have filled Chinese newspapers with cocky cries of "I told you so" and open assertions that, whatever happens to the rest of the world, Communist China is big enough to survive nuclear war. At a recent meeting of the Red-led World Trade Union Federation in Peking, the Chinese Communists described themselves as the champions of repressed peoples against the "satisfied" or the "have" nations, in which category they included Russia. They added: "We should not be speaking of disarmament because to speak of disarmament demoralizes people engaged in the struggle against imperialism."

But last week *Pravda* not only reasserted the validity of peaceful coexistence but also counterattacked with an assault on the domestic policy of the upstart revolutionaries in Peking.

Infantile Sickness. Identifying them only as "certain leftists in international Communism," *Pravda* charged that the Chinese leaders suffered from the same "infantile sickness of leftism" that Lenin denounced in some of his party's more hotheaded "sectarians" in the early days of the revolution 40 years ago. Now, as then, said Soviet Communism's official mouthpiece, history cannot be hustled. "Trying to anticipate the results of fully matured Communism" by great leaps forward and by rushing to set up communes, said *Pravda* witheringly, "is like trying to teach higher mathematics to a four-year-old child."

If this was the Kremlin's way of saying that Khrushchev is still the head of Communism's house, the Chinese paid remarkably little attention. Three days later Peking's official organ, *Red Flag*, retorted that "only by uninterrupted revolution"



TRADE MINISTER IKEDA
When Kishi leaves, a new leader?

Democratic spokesman said, "Kishi has become a scapegoat. He has taken on his own shoulders the hate against conservatives, the hate against America, the hate against everything." Then with cheerful and almost mindless optimism, he added: "When Kishi leaves, our party will have a new leader, and with that a lot of the hate will go away."

SOUTH KOREA

New Rules

The Acting President did not want to put undue pressure on Seoul's harassed, discredited legislature. But, suggested Huh Chung, there would be "no more arrests of Assemblymen" if they would just go ahead and approve the new constitution. Syngman Rhee's old enemies, the Democrats, darkly passed the word that anyone who opposed the constitutional amendment, with its tighter safeguards for liberty and individual rights, would be considered an "antirevolutionary." All but three of Rhee's Liberals got the point, and finally, by 208 to 3, the National Assembly approved the new law. "Now the second republic is born!" cried Speaker Kwak Sang Hoon, who promptly was named the new Acting President, and as such had the ceremonial honor of greet-



Difoto

MILAN'S PIAZZA DEL DUOMO & NEW SKYLINE (PONTI'S PIRELLI BUILDING AT LEFT)

A prevalence of skyscrapers, an absence of ruins, a kind of climate.

can Communism clear the way for "high-speed socialist development" at home or abroad. "In supposing that Communism can go on living side by side with imperialism," said *Red Flag*, Khrushchev had been guilty of wishful thinking. "Because certain imperialists, Eisenhower for one, have made empty 'nice talks' about peace, some people think he must be very much in favor of peace . . . This is an unrealistic illusion. Imperialism will never change its nature till doom. The people have no alternative but to wage a struggle against it to the end."

Infantile Jeers. Last week, when President Eisenhower flew to Formosa, Peking demonstrated its view of peaceful coexistence by likening Eisenhower to "a rat running across the street; everyone wants to step on him and squash him." As Red artillerymen threw shells of "contempt" on Chinese Nationalist positions at Quemoy, they shouted (according to Radio Peking): "Eisenhower, go back! Fire! U.S. aggressors, get out of Formosa. Fire! Get out of Japan. Fire! Get out of Korea. Fire! Get out of Asia. Fire! We shall liberate Formosa. Fire!"

ITALY

City on the Move

"Rome has politics, ruins and the Pope," sniffed a Milanese last week, "but Milan is the real capital of Italy—the financial, commercial, industrial, musical, artistic, theatrical, publishing, jazz and striptease capital. What more do you want?"

To U.S. tourists, Milan seems the most American of Italian cities. With skyscrapers by the score, supermarkets, corner gas stations, public swimming pools, installment buying, and a completely un-Latin pace and bustle, Milan has more the flavor of Cleveland or Baltimore than of Florence or Naples. And that is the way the 1,500,000 citizens of Milan like it.

The Milanese even defend their weather—last year Milan had 200 days of rain,

hail, snow, sleet, fog and overcast. They assure visitors: "It's the kind of climate that keeps you moving. In Rome, all you feel like doing is looking out the window." A Milanese is always going somewhere: to his job, or to one of the cafés and bars in the glass-domed Galleria Vittorio Emanuele, or to Italy's largest railway station to board the express to Rome, or to a business appointment in the slim, 33-story Pirelli Building, which is Western Europe's tallest, and was designed by a native son, world-famed Architect Gio Ponti.

More of Everything. Milan last week was the pace-setter in the astonishing postwar boom that has enabled the storied country of palaces, cathedrals and antiquities to climb in industrial production to third place in Western Europe. Nearly 300,000 cars throng the streets, which are wide by Italian standards and spotlessly clean by any standards. Traffic moves faster and with better discipline than in anarchic Rome, yet the accident rate is higher. The Milanese have an explanation: local drivers and pedestrians are so engrossed in important affairs that they often forget to look where they are going.

Milan's Borsa accounts for nearly half of all Italian stock-market transactions. Milan's factories pour out motor scooters and motor cars, turbines and typewriters, boilers and books. With less than 1/20th of the nation's 50 million people, hard-working Milan pays 26% of Italy's national tax bill. Sometimes the Milanese jokingly threaten to secede and join Switzerland. If they did, the remainder of Italy would sink in economic significance to the level of Greece or Portugal.

Past & Future. Only two great monuments of the past compete with the streamlined, glass-walled modern city. The 14th century *duomo*, its pinnacles and spires topped by saints and angels, stands in the geographic center of the city: sightseers and lovers go by elevator to the roof to admire the view of the wide Lom-



hard plain and the snowy crest of Mont Blanc. The grim battlements of Sforza Castle still brood over their grassy moat, and Leonardo da Vinci's faded masterpiece, *The Last Supper*, is slowly peeling on the wall of the refectory of Santa Maria delle Grazie. The curious tourist will have a difficult time finding a notorious wartime monument: the gasoline station where the battered bodies of Benito Mussolini and his blonde mistress, Claretta Petacci, dangled by the heels. Political passion is not a common Milanese trait, and few like to recall that lynching.

The Milanese like their easygoing, white-haired Mayor Virgilio Ferrari, who is more concerned with improving the city's health (Milan's babies were among the first in Italy to get Salk polio shots) than with the soaring municipal debt, estimated to reach \$362 million this year. With typical Milanese optimism he is pushing ahead with enlarging the airport, building a new subway, and preparing the final link in the \$20 million turnpike, with its 2,500-ft. bridge over the Po River. It will save Genoa-bound motorists 7½ miles of driving, and time is important to the Milanese.

Migrants & Infidelity. The Milanese take to pleasures as enthusiastically as to business. They spend \$30 million a year on entertainment in half a dozen sports arenas, 135 movie houses and 13 theaters, ranging from the Piccolo Teatro, which recently toured the U.S., to many-tiered La Scala, where on opening nights the elegant and jeweled women in the boxes rival the operatic attractions on the stage. The younger set flock to cellar clubs like the Santa Tecla Saloon, where jazz played by a hot combo drifts up through sidewalk gratings and into the open windows of the adjoining residence of Cardinal Montini. Most spectacular recent attraction at Maxim's was Monique, a Parisian striptease who disrobed on horseback and ended her performance with a flourish by removing the saddle from her horse.

Though they love their city, the Mila-

nes love to get away from it temporarily. Winters they head for the Alps and skiing; summers they crowd the villas and beaches of San Remo, Portofino and Rapallo. Milanese husbands have a reputation for infidelity to their wives. Explains a top lawyer: "It's not that we're more immoral than other Italians; it's just that we can afford it."

Left to itself, Milan would grow slowly, since families are relatively small, and only five more Milanese are born each day than die. But each day 115 new migrants move in—mostly from the south. Sicilians already, they say, control the fruit and vegetable trade and Neapolitans the retail textile business. Like New York, Milan has always drawn many of its best citizens from somewhere else. Once there they become good Milanese and stay put.

The ambitions of the average Milanese include a larger car, a weekend villa, a university education for his children and trips abroad—preferably to the U.S. But despite his American veneer, he wants these things on Italian terms, *i.e.*, without giving up his trip home each day for lunch and rest, and without getting an ulcer. "The Milanese likes to get ahead," explains one executive, "but relaxedly."

FRANCE

Offer to Algeria

The world's greatest orator since the retirement of Winston Churchill is the tall, lumbering man with the look of a nearsighted llama who is President of France. Last week Charles de Gaulle sat down before TV cameras and addressed a message to his people in prose no other leader can match. He began:

"Once upon a time, there was an old country hemmed in by habits and caution. At one time it was the richest, mightiest people among those in the center of the world stage. But, after great misfortunes, it withdrew within itself." Gradually, De Gaulle led up to his message: a nation's greatness does not depend on colonialism. "It is quite natural to feel a nostalgia for what was the empire, just as one can miss the mellowness of oil lamps, the splendor of sailing ships, the charm of the carriage era. But what of it? There is no valid policy outside realities."

Facing sad realities, De Gaulle went on to make a new offer to end the bitterly inconclusive Algerian war. Said he: "Once again, in the name of France, I turn toward the leaders of the insurrection. I tell them that we await them here to seek with them an honorable end to the fighting that still drags on, to settle the disposition of arms and to assure the fate of the combatants."

Thunder from the Right. De Gaulle's terms—free elections to decide Algeria's fate and freedom from revenge—were basically the same as those he proposed nine months ago (TIME, Sept. 28). But this time he scrapped his earlier condition that after a cease-fire there should be a four-year period before any referendum on Algeria's future status. He prom-



DJAMILA WITH BROTHER & SISTER
Bear the mark of brutalities.

ised that "the leaders of the insurrection" could help to frame the referendum and then could openly campaign under its terms. He pledged that the election would be "completely free," that reporters the world over could come to observe it. And to proud Moslems who are acutely appreciative of the twists of semantics, he spoke—for the first time—of "an Algerian people" and "an Algerian Algeria." Not once did he mention surrender. Said De Gaulle: "Above all, that is no longer contested, anywhere, that self-determination for the Algerians regarding their destiny is the only possible outcome of this complex and painful tragedy."

The reaction from the French Right was instantaneous. A galaxy of ex-ministers—starring Jacques Soustelle, Georges Bidault and Robert Lacoste—charged that De Gaulle's conciliatory words would undermine the French forces in Algeria or even lead to secession. In Algeria, diehard colons threatened new demonstrations.

Pressure from Allies. But the real decision was up to the rebels. Last month an F.L.N. rebel delegation returned from communist China without the arms and planes that they had sought to carry on the flight. (The failure might have served them better than success, for the spectacle of the F.L.N. equipped with squadrons of Communist MiGs would have alarmed many of their foreign sympathizers, lost them much of the neutral and Western support they have managed to win.) Last week, as F.L.N. leaders gathered at the Tunis villa of "Premier" Ferhat Abbas, emissaries from the pro-rebel governments of Morocco and Tunisia turned up to urge them to fly to Paris and negotiate with De Gaulle. The rebels, tattered and restless, gave word that they would seriously consider it.

The Trial

Ugliest aspect of the ugly war in Algeria has been the persistent reports of torture practiced in France's detention camps in Algeria. Though prominent Frenchmen of all political persuasions have protested in shock and shame, French army zealots argue that "a few moments of discomfort are justifiable if they lead to a confession that saves many lives." Last week two cases came before a military court in Algiers, raised serious question about the operation of French justice.

"Assassins!" Into a tiny military courtroom shuffled ten hard-core Communists, held for three years without trial on charges of conspiring with the rebels and secretly reconstituting the banned Communist Party. Prominent among them: Journalist Henri Alleg, 39, author of the international bestseller, *The Question* (TIME, June 9, 1958), a surprisingly written and smuggled-out account of the tortures that he suffered at the hands of paratroopers of General Jacques Massu's 10th Division. Conspicuously missing was an eleventh defendant, Communist Maurice Audin, a mathematics professor in whose home Alleg was captured in 1957. French authorities say he escaped. Audin's wife has filed charges that he was strangled during an interrogation by a French paratrooper lieutenant, who has since been promoted and decorated.

The prosecutor, a major, began the trial by urging that it be held in secret. All ten defendants jumped up chanting "Murderers . . . You are all afraid." The court president, Colonel René Catherineau, ordered Alleg removed from the courtroom. At that moment, the fragile voice of a woman barely rose above the din: "I am Madame Audin," she cried. "They don't want me to speak, but I shall speak. My husband has been murdered." Said Court President Catherineau. "But Madame Audin is not accused of anything. You cannot speak." Madame Audin shouted back: "Assassins!" Then Colonel Catherineau announced: "The dignity of the court and concern for public order require that proceedings should take place *in camera*."

For the next two days the trial proceeded in secret; newsmen were denied admission by gendarmes with submachine guns. Then came the verdicts: ten years for Frenchman Alleg, 20 years for the secretary-general of the outlawed Algerian Communist Party and one other Moslem, five to 15 years for five others, acquittals for the last two. Then police picked up the chief defense counsel, handed him an expulsion order and packed him onto a Paris-bound plane.

"Brutalities." Two days later the court reconvened to hear the case of doe-eyed Djamila Bouacha, 22, a non-Communist government typist accused of placing a bomb (which did not go off) in an Algiers café last September. Djamila herself has filed countercharges that police and paratroopers tortured her. "I was taken to Hussein Dey," she charged. "This was, I was told, for the 'second degree' treatment. I soon learned what it meant: elec-



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tricity torture. Since the electrodes placed on my nipples would not hold, one of the torturers stuck them on with Scotch tape—and I was burned in the same way on the legs, the groin, the sex and the face. After a few days of this treatment, I was given the bottle torture. It was the most appalling pain. After tying me in a special way, a bottle was thrust in me. I screamed and lost consciousness for, I think, two days . . . Wrote Novelist Françoise Sagan, one of the many French intellectuals who have rallied behind the cause of Djamilia: "There will be impartial gynecologists [at the trial] who will say what results are when a virgin is impaled on a bottle." Three doctors examined Djamilia two months after she was interrogated.

were obscure villagers who had never before been to the city, but some of the faces were already nationally and even world famous.

Wiry, goat-faced Patrice Lumumba, 34, the Batetela tribesman from Stanleyville, whizzed about grandly in a black limousine as he dickered desperately to get control of the first government. Chubby, 43-year-old Joseph Kasavubu, loyal to his Bakongo people, was also deep in negotiations with key faction leaders such as Paul Bolya of the Mongo tribe and Jean Bokango, the Ngombe spokesman. The corridors of Léopoldville's new Palais de la Nation echoed to the jabber of a score of languages and dialects, for the Congo's first legislators represent a nation of more

mass removal of tens of thousands of Baluba to another region, stopped the blood bath.

In other areas other tribal groups were at loggerheads. In the Congo's western tip, around Léopoldville, Kasavubu and his Bakongo supporters refused to sit in the provincial assembly as a minority, decided to set up their own regional legislature. Jealous tribal leaders in the mineral-rich southeast, defeated at the polls, talked of setting up a separate province of their own.

Thus, tribalism may yet tear the vitals out of the new Congo before it even gets its start as a nation, just as it has been the political plague everywhere in Africa. For to conservative tribal rulers, democ-



TRIBAL DANCERS OUTSIDE STANLEYVILLE

I have an uneasy feeling this place is tottering on the brink of disaster.

confirmed that she still carried the marks of "brutalities." During the interrogation, Djamilia signed a "confession."

In court last week, Djamilia appeared pale and drawn, but otherwise showed no outward signs of ordeal. Faced with a national uproar, the French prosecutor requested a delay "to gather further evidence." Her trial postponed, Djamilia was led from the courtroom back to her cell to wait.

BELGIAN CONGO

A Blight at Birth

Streaming into Léopoldville last week, the delegates to the Congo's first Parliament were a strange-looking lot. Some had the sharply pointed heads of a tribe that practices infant skull bandaging. Newly elected Senators in elaborate robes sat soberly at sidewalk cafés sipping beer looking somewhat dazed. Others were tieless and in shirt-sleeves, but sported bright beaded caps with dangling horns and tassels as they gawked at the sights. Most

than 150 separate tribes, each with its own interests and jealous point of view, its own savage and mystic creed, its own desire for power.

Political Potpourri. Out of this tribal nightmare must come a national cabinet, a prime minister and a chief of state in time for independence day on June 30; but bloody tribal fighting has raged for months through the Congo. Bitterest of all was in the land of the Lulua. Since the 10th century, when Arab slave raiders drove the frightened Baluba westward into Lulua territory, the Baluba had happily tilled Lulua soil in semi-serfdom in exchange for the right to remain in the area. Then last year, when whispers of Congolese independence filtered out from Léopoldville, the Baluba began declaring themselves free men, tried to take over some of the Lulua land for themselves. The warlike Lulua reacted with spears, knives and sharpened sticks, killing hundreds of Baluba, burning their huts and carrying off their women. Only Belgian armed intervention, coupled with the



WAGENIA WARRIORS ON THE CONGO

racy is a mysterious and not entirely welcome concept. Tribal elders do not like the idea of upstart youngsters challenging their authority in the tribe's affairs. Warrior clans, like the Lulua, whose hegemony was built with spears and brawn, are outraged to find themselves outvoted by the humble Baluba, who have adopted such unmanly professions as clerk or typist. Many tribes had less interest in establishing a new nation than in protecting their own traditional home areas from outside interference.

Ghana's Kwame Nkrumah was resisted every inch of the way by the Ashanti chiefs who clearly foresaw the loss of their power in a single nation run from Accra. In Nigeria, the ancient feud between the Yoruba of the west and the Ibo of the east, and their joint contempt for the Moslems in the north, is a major obstacle to peaceful nationhood. Kenya's warlike Masai dread the thought of national power in the hands of the clever Kikuyu; and for the majestic (6 ft. 6 in.) but backward Watutsi of Ruanda-Urundi



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CESSNA

education and all the talk of one-man-one-vote sounds suspiciously like the death knell for four centuries of unchallenged supremacy over the fast-rising politically conscious Bahutu, who have long been virtual serfs.

Africa Irredenta. The maps of Africa, with their artificial and arbitrary boundaries drawn years ago by the European colonialists, may be in for severe revision at the hands of the tribalists. In the Congo itself, leaders of the million-strong Bakongo people dream of doing away with the frontiers that currently split them three ways: one-third in Portuguese Angola, one-third in the French-oriented Congo Republic, and one-third in the Belgian Congo. A united Bakongo nation would control Matadi, the chief sea outlet for much of central Africa's vast hinterland.

In the mineral treasure house of the southeast Congo, where the Bemba and the Tshokwe tribesmen flow over into parts of Northern Rhodesia and Angola, irredentist sentiment runs high among some black leaders. Moise Tshombe, boss of copper-rich Katanga province, talks of negotiating with the Northern Rhodesians and his Comakat Party has begun organizing branches in Northern Rhodesia itself.

With total independence ten days away, the Congo's tribalists were still bickering in mutual hostility. Sly Patrice Lumumba was given his chance to form a coalition but failed. At week's end, the Belgian authorities turned to the mercurial Kasavubu. Even if he succeeded, he was given little chance of survival for long with Lumumba in opposition. Said a neutral diplomat in Leopoldville gloomily: "I have an uneasy feeling this place is tottering on the brink of disaster."

LEBANON
The First Secret Ballot

Three years ago pro-Western President Camille Chamoun boldly rigged the parliamentary elections in Lebanon and brought on an insurrection by his Nasser-minded opponents. Result: U.S. troops came in. Chamoun went out, and neutralist General Fuad Chehab replaced him for a six-year term. Last week the Lebanese were in the throes of their first post-revolt election. And for the first time in the country's 14-year history, they enjoyed the benefit of a secret ballot.

As usual, the voting was staggered over four Sundays to permit the government to concentrate police and army on one area at a time. As usual, the Parliament seats were allotted according to religious sects, a device designed to avert the religious strife that ravaged Lebanon for years. Figuring that Christians outnumber Moslems 6 to 5, 45 places of the Parliament's 99 seats were apportioned to the Moslems (subdivided into three sects) and 54 to Christians (30 Maronite, Roman Catholic, eleven Greek Orthodox, six Greek Catholic, four Armenian Orthodox, one Armenian Catholic, one Protestant, one miscellaneous minorities). This conven-



CHAMOUN

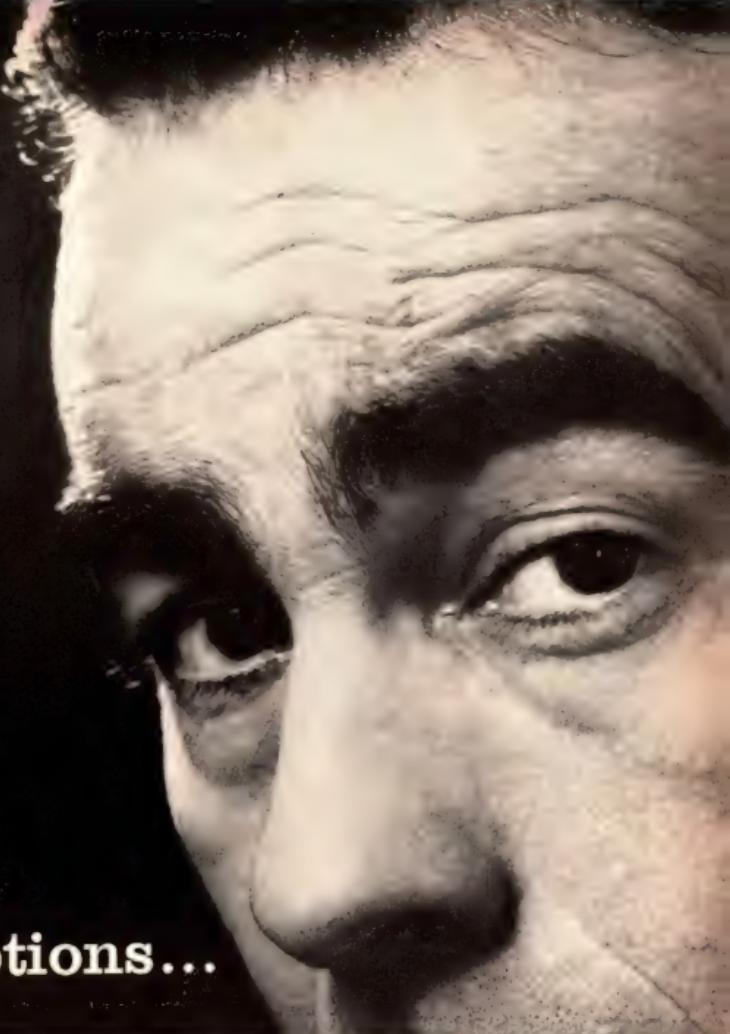
In the envelope, a new pride.

tion distinguishes Lebanon as the world's only free nation in which the complexion of Parliament can always be predicted.

Business as Usual. But the business-like Lebanese were unwilling to forsake completely their hallowed tradition of vote buying. Agents from Egypt and neighboring Syria were bankrolling U.A.R.-lining candidates, on occasion subsidized two opposing coreligionists. One candidate, who feared that all the Moslems would vote for his opponent, bid \$16 for every Moslem election card—without which no one could vote. Another candidate said he was offered \$7,000 to quit the race for the less than \$6,000-a-year Deputy's job. With pay so small, why was the bribe so high? Explained one candid hopeful: "Any Deputy is sure to be invited to become a bank director—at \$4,000 a year. Also, there's always the wayward young man whose parents will pay \$1,500 to spring him from jail. And then a Deputy gets immunity from police searches of his car. Any time he drives out to the country, he can load up with \$1,000 worth of hashish."

Bounces & Returns. With those prizes at stake, some bombs and bullets flew, and at least ten persons lay dead after political quarrels. Yet the secret ballot was getting results. Rural voters took the opportunity to eject two scions of old feudal clans from their traditional seats. Ex-President Chamoun, who accused his successors of rigging this election to bar him from a comeback, squeaked through to win a Maronite Christian seat. Also elected was a kingpin in the 1958 revolt that toppled Chamoun, moody Kamal Jumblatt. Another leader of that revolt, ex-Premier Saeb Salam, was confidently expected to be a victor.

Greater than the election's effect on Lebanese politics was its impact on the people. Said one mountain farmer in



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Aleih: "Today I was ready to fight anyone who offered me 10, 20 or 50 pounds to buy my vote. We have finally understood that each one is a free man—and it was that particular pride which touched me a while ago as, hidden in the booth, I placed in the envelope the names which pleased me most."

INDIA

The Loo's Caress

"The trees lose their flowers. Their leaves fall. Their bare branches stretch up to the sky begging for water . . . The sun goes on, day after day, from east to west, scorching relentlessly. The earth cracks up and deep fissures open their gaping mouths; but there is no water—only the shimmering haze at noon making mirage lakes of quicksilver . . . The sun makes an ally of the breeze. It heats the air till it becomes the loo and then sends it on its errand. Even in the intense heat, the loo's warm caresses are sensuous and pleasant. It brings up the prickly heat. It produces a numbness which makes the head nod and the eyes heavy with sleep. It brings on a stroke which takes its victim as gently as breeze bears a fluff of thistledown."

—Khushwan Singh, *Train to Pakistan*.

The hot breath of the *loo* last week made a vast oven of north India, sending aloft choking clouds of dust that turned skies the color of tarnished brass. Delicate animals at New Delhi's zoo were shipped off to the mountains to beat the heat, and hordes of humans had the same idea: many queued up all night at railway ticket offices to buy seats for the few train coaches that were air-conditioned. City employees demonstrated angrily for *khushkus* curtains—spongy grass screens that cool the air when sprayed with water—for their office windows; municipal officials had to place a guard at the new water cooler to keep away outsiders, who flocked in to fill their jugs.

In the city of Lucknow, the temperature hit 114° and stayed there for days. At filling stations, attendants piled water-soaked burlap bags atop gasoline pumps to keep the mechanisms working, and it was standard practice for motorists to leave their car hoods up in the all-day parking lots. Hospitals were filled with heat-prostration cases. More than 150 died.

In Uttar Pradesh, two policemen were victims and an elephant dropped dead in its tracks. A doctor fell dead while visiting Delhi, and his wife succumbed at home in Allahabad.

Sleeping out of doors on lawns and rooftops, sweltering millions pinned their hopes on the coming of the annual summer monsoon. But they sniffed the night air vainly for signs of relief. The monsoon, which had been expected to spread its cooling rains over the north by mid-June, chose perversely to settle far to the east over Assam, and so far has refused to budge.



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PEOPLE

It is almost as certain as fog in London that **Lady Attlee**, 63, wife of Britain's former Laborite Prime Minister, will have a traffic accident every so often. Last week, for the ninth time in 13 years, her car was on the receiving end of a collision. As in the other crashes, Her Ladyship, an understandably cautious driver by now was neither injured nor held at fault. Pondering the "bashed-in rear" of her little blue Fiat, Lady Attlee observed "It was terribly unfortunate." More feelingly, Lord Attlee, her uncashed passenger snapped: "Damned annoying!"

After Librarian **Mary Knowles** was convicted of contempt of Congress in 1957 for clamping up about her supposed Red ties before a Senate subcommittee the Quaker-operated William Jeanes Memorial Library in Plymouth Meeting, Pa., not only ignored a community outcry for her scalp but also gave her a raise. The library got a \$5,000 award from the Fund for the Republic. Last week the U.S. Court of Appeals overturned Librarian Knowles's conviction, thus spared her a four-month jail stretch and \$500 fine.

Elected by the exclusive 40 of the French Academy to join their "immortal numbers," poetic Director **René Clair**, 61, shocked his new fellows a trifle by proclaiming in his acceptance speech: "It's so much easier to be immortal while living than after death."

Tanned, relaxed and obviously happy after six honeymooning Caribbean weeks ("It would not surprise her family or friends," reported the Hearst Headline Service, "if she bore her first child before spring"), Britain's **Princess Margaret** and **Antony Armstrong-Jones** returned to

England, began settling down in Clarence House, the Queen Mother's London residence and the newlyweds' temporary abode until their red brick home at 10 Kensington Palace is ready for occupation next month. Some odd news awaited them: Tony's effigy had been swiped from Madame Tussaud's famed London wax museum. Said a Tussaud spokesman: "We are most upset."

When he was 40, Music Critic **Carl Van Vechten** was disposed to quit writing critical essays because at that age, he believed, his "intellectual arteries" had hardened. The affliction apparently did him no harm after that he wrote seven novels about what made the Twenties roar (*The Tattooed Countess*, *Nigger Heaven*) twelve other books about music



New York Herald Tribune
WRITER VAN VECHTEN
After fourscore.

and himself, a definitive tome on cats (*The Tiger in the House*)—and all manner of critical essays, including some on photography, a durable interest in which versatile Van Vechten still excels. Still a chronic essayist, Van Vechten turned 80 last week and was honored by the New York Public Library as one of its chief benefactors, donor of many literary treasures that he has collected over the years. His name is the 70th to be carved in stone in New York City's main library.

Daughter of a great U.S. playwright of a great U.S. movie comedian **Oona O'Neill Chaplin**, 35, told Interviewer Frederick Sands about the 17 years that she has spent with Charlie, 71, as his fourth wife and mother of his seven children. In the *American Weekly*, Oona still lean, open-faced, and now becoming grey-streaked, a partner in Chaplin's Swiss exile since 1952, makes it clear that Char-



MRS. CHAPLIN
Just once a year.

lie has never seemed like a father to her. Both she and the kids regard him as "ageless." She says: "Laughter is one of Charlie's great gifts to me. I hadn't known it before. My childhood was not very happy. We met when I was 16, a mere child at the time, and I have been in love with him ever since. He is my world. He has made me more mature and I keep him young. I never consciously think of Charlie's age for 364 days of the year. Only his birthday is the annual shock to me—when the whole world seems to pour into our home with wishes, cables and presents." Motherhood is Oona's favorite occupation: "I am delighted every time I have another baby. The more the merrier is our family slogan. Charlie is just crazy about the kids. And he tells everyone that I look my prettiest when I am expecting a child." Oona discloses that the aging Chaplin is just as eccentric as ever: "Such a contradiction. I always have to carry a large supply of loose change when we go out—to do the tipping. And then he'll go off and buy me an expensive car!" Sometimes the little tramp of the old silent films is equally confusing to his children: "When Victoria saw her first Charlie Chaplin movie, she asked, 'Was that funny little man my grandfather?'"

The little tent of blue which prisoners call the sky drew closer for ex-Teamster Boss **Dave Beck**, 66, now tending his manifold private interests in Seattle. The State Supreme Court of Washington upheld his conviction for pocketing \$1,000 from the sale of a used Cadillac that was owned by the trusting Teamsters.

Invited to attend an oldtime-auto collectors' association meeting at Winthrop Rockefeller's Winrock Farm in Arkansas-Ex-Opera Tenor **James Melton** accepted and wound up selling his whole shéhāng of



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oldtime Americana to the host. Melton's collection, one of the finest privately owned "autoramas" in existence, includes both antique and classic cars, an 1829 steam locomotive, an 1803 steam-driven stage coach, enough other bric-a-brac to extend its inventory to 30 pages. Estimated price on the lot: about \$250,000. Rockefeller will house the collection in a special building to be erected at Winrock Farm, charge admission fees, which will go to his charitable Rockwin Foundation.

In "grateful celebration" of their 50th wedding anniversary, New York's Democratic ex-Governor and Senator **Herbert H. Lehman**, 82, and his wife Edith gave a \$500,000 present to the children of New York City. The money was accepted by the city for construction of a children's zoo that Lehman envisions in Central Park, just across the street from the Lehmans' longtime place of worship, Temple Emanu-El.

Under local segregationist pressure, the Kiwanis Club of Greenville, S.C., canceled a speech, booked early last April, by North Carolina Integrationist **Harry (Forst Plain) Golden**, who took the wave-off more or less philosophically: "I was really surprised. Just a little speech. I wasn't going to be rude or disrespectful. I was merely going to talk about the South, the Jews, the race issues, the moral issues in integration.

Some 45 million Frenchmen got mildly shattering news from the tabloid *Paris-Jour*, which published a scoop that Cinemactress **Brigitte Bardot** will end her movie career within a year. "I've had enough of the life I'm leading," *Paris-Jour* had BB saying, "I'm 25 years old. In ten more years, adieu to youth. So I want to enjoy it a little and say adieu to the cinema and practice the profession I like best in the world." Breathless readers then learned that Brigitte's favorite profession is one of the world's oldest: selling antiques. Next day BB called a press conference, dismissed the *Paris-Jour* interview as "nonsense." Said she: "I can't even make a joke without everyone's making a big fuss over it. People should know that I won't stop making films until I'm an old woman."

Jordan's Crown Prince **Mohammed**, 20, madeap brother of worldly and fairly wise King Hussein, who is four years older, toolled through the crowded streets of Amman with his aide in his car and bowled over a hapless pedestrian. A hostile mob converged on Mohammed's royal presence. Somebody in the car started shooting, killed at least one, winged several others. Mohammed, in a bad version of a Middle Eastern western, then fled to his brother's palace. Hussein, brought close to the ignition point by his brother's antics, rushed off to console the bereaved families. The aide, blamed in official communiques for the lead-slinging, was in jail. Mohammed was back at the wheel of his bone-crushing car.



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SCIENCE

Toward Sex on Order

Can science help parents choose in advance the sex of their baby? The answer: not now, but perhaps before very long.

Biologists believe that a child's sex is determined at conception by the kind of male sperm that enters the female egg. If the sperm carries a Y chromosome, the child will be male. If it carries an X chromosome, it will produce a girl. The female egg has little to do with the boy-or-girl result.

All well and good, except that biologists have always had a hard time telling the difference between an X sperm and a Y sperm. Now, in *Nature*, Dr. Landrum B. Shettles, of Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons, reports on what may be a simple way to differentiate X from Y.

In his laboratory Shettles spread sperm cells thinly on a glass slide, allowed them to dry, and examined them with a phase-contrast microscope—a type that makes tiny objects look like bright halos of light against a dark background, showing up details that ordinary microscopes miss. As the sperm dried, Shettles found that the heads of some looked round like doughnuts; others appeared long and boat-shaped. There were no intermediate types, although the size of the sperm varied a good deal from sample to sample. Shettles speculates that the roundheads carry the male-producing Y chromosome, while the longheads carry the female-producing X chromosome. In every specimen the roundheads outnumbered the longheads, which checks with the fact that about 105 boys are born to every 100 girls.

The identification of dried X and Y sperm should help scientists learn how to identify living sperm and later to separate



SPERM HEADS (BOY, LEFT; GIRL, RIGHT)

With a new way to tell the difference.

them into "males" and "females." Once this is done, parents can, if they want to resort to artificial insemination, decide the sex of their unborn child.

Inertial Brains

The latest Atlas ICBM to rise from Cape Canaveral flew, to the naked eye, like many a previous successful Atlas. But it was very different. For the first time no umbilical cord of guiding radio signals connected it with the ground. As soon as it left the pad, it was on its own, depending on the guidance of its built-in brain and senses. The test was a first-try marvel: the Atlas hit within two miles of a target 5,000 miles down range.

What was different about the latest Atlas was its "full inertial" guidance system built by American Bosch Arma Corp. of Long Island, and founded on techniques worked out at M.I.T.'s famed Instrumentation Laboratory whose director, Professor Charles Stark Draper, is the Grand Panjandrum of inertial guidance. Early in World War II, Draper became convinced that bombsights could be made enormously more accurate by stabilizing them with improved gyroscopes. When long-range missiles came into the picture after the war, Draper and his M.I.T. group began developing gyroscopic instruments to steer the rockets through the sky.

Sagging Weight. Inertial guidance works on the childishly simple fact that a weight suspended on springs lags behind when the vehicle on which it is mounted starts to move. If this lag is measured carefully, the speed of the vehicle can be determined, as well as the distance covered. But to do the measuring properly, the motions of the suspended weight must be compared with some fixed system of reference. If a missile curves, for example, the guidance system must know it. That is where the gyroscopes come in.

A spinning gyroscope keeps its axis pointing steadfastly in a single direction in "inertial space," i.e., the space that is thinly filled by the distant stars. The puny motions of a vehicle on the earth, or the motions of the earth itself, have no effect on a gyroscope. If its axis is pointing

at the Pleiades, it will continue to point in that direction, no matter how objects near it may twist and turn.

Stable Platform. In actual operation, gyroscopes fall short of the ideal. They have trouble with friction and are thus inclined to misbehave. But as developed by Draper and his Instrumentation Laboratory, gyroscopes can keep a "stabilized platform" about as level as if it had no connection with the roaring missile that is carrying it aloft.

On the serenely stabilized platform are mounted three spring-suspended weights, each to keep track of motion in a different direction. The lagging behind (or pushing ahead) of each weight is reported to a computer that works out the missile's speed and direction. The computer has been told in advance what course the missile should follow to hit a selected target. If the actual course and speed deviate from this course, the computer makes corrections. When the missile has reached the correct top speed, the computer cuts off the rocket fuel. An error of one foot per second at this point means a miss one mile from the target.*

When the U.S., in 1954, started its crash program to build long-range missiles, not everyone was as sure as Draper that full inertial guidance would prove accurate. Radio guidance systems were therefore developed simultaneously. They are very accurate, but they require elaborate ground equipment that is so expensive that separate guidance cannot be provided for each missile. This being the case, the missiles at a base cannot be fired in salvo. Each must wait its turn—and during the wait an enemy hit may wipe out the base itself. All future U.S. missiles will be inertially guided. Since they will be self-contained, an unlimited number of them can climb into space at the same instant, each carrying instructions to fly to a different target, and each bearing the self-containing wherewithal for devastating accuracy.



GUIDANCE EXPERT DRAPER
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* Provisions for destroying a malfunctioning missile and for keeping its warhead safe until near the target can be the same for both radio and inertial systems.

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Climatite seals for glass wall buildings: a weatherproof success from the six fields of Firestone

The skyscraper expanses of curtain wall windows no longer present a serious sealing problem. Originally, weather leaks showed up where adhesive panel sealants had let go—or where faulty gaskets had buckled at the corners. But Firestone developed a perimeter gasket with shaped corners that seal as snugly as the sides. These rubber gaskets are custom-compounded to withstand sun, salt air and industrial fumes. Weatherproof even in gale winds, Firestone Climatite gaskets are now lending new practicality to the new look in buildings. This is one of many ways that Firestone is continuously serving mankind in research, in

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A Glimpse into Limbo

It was only a blurred dot on a photographic plate. But as displayed last week by Astronomer Rudolph Minkowski of California's Mount Wilson and Palomar observatories, it was a scientific milestone: the dot, probably the collision of two galaxies 6 billion light years away from earth, represented the most distant phenomenon ever identified by man.

The picture, taken by Minkowski with Palomar's giant 200-in. Hale telescope, was a dramatic symbol of a surge in astronomical science made possible by a farsighted alliance between optical and radio telescropy. When Palomar's 200-incher was completed in 1948, no one expected it to photograph galaxies more than 1 billion light years away. A major reason: in such telescopes the field of view is very small, and to reach full range they must take long-exposure pictures of each tiny spot before moving on to the next. Thus, Palomar cannot range the heavens at random, looking for extra-big galaxies that can be photographed at incredible distances. It must be told where to look.

"Radio Stars." The new radio telescopes furnish just such vital guidance. They can sweep the sky, detecting waves coming from "radio stars"—often galaxies which are in collision and generating enormous amounts of radio energy.

Ten years ago radio astronomers at the University of Cambridge reported waves from a dim radio star in the Bootes constellation. Radio astronomy was then too crude to give accurate directions—and when Minkowski tried to photograph the phenomenon with Palomar's telescope, he found nothing. But new radio telescopes at Cambridge and in Owens Valley, Calif. recently drew an accurate bead on the radio star in Bootes. Minkowski pointed the Palomar telescope at the spot indicated. And after exposing a photographic plate for two hours, he got his picture of two big galaxies in collision.

Tale of a Spectrum. Minkowski still did not know the distance from earth of the colliding galaxies. Further exposures, up to nine hours long, gave photographs of their spectrum. The familiar spectral lines had shifted far into the red. According to the theory of the expanding universe, a red shift means that the photographed object is moving away from the observer with a speed proportionate to the shift. In this case the galaxies appeared to be racing at the extraordinary speed of 90,000 miles per second—about 46% of the speed of light which, according to Einstein, is the ultimate velocity.

Since the distance, in turn, is proportionate to the speed, what Rudolph Minkowski got was a photographic glimpse of something 6 billion light years away—and 6 billion years ago—probably before the earth or its sun were formed. During the past 6 billion years, the galaxies may have accelerated to almost the speed of light. If so, they have passed over the brink of the theoretically visible universe and entered a sort of limbo which cosmologists visualize only vaguely.



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MAKING THE BEST TODAY STILL BETTER TOMORROW



W. T. Piper, "the Henry Ford of aviation," with William Swift, Employers Mutuals of Wausau Safety Engineer who has been helping solve Piper's health and safety problems for fifteen years.

HERE'S HOW THE WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER
OF PRIVATE AIRCRAFT SOLVES PROBLEMS YOU MAY BE FACING TOO...

Wausau Story

at PIPER AIRCRAFT CORPORATION, Lock Haven, Pennsylvania



Problem: Protecting workers from fumes when lead-coated spouts are welded to fuel tanks.

Employers Mutuals of Wausau help Piper solve this problem . . . Specialists helped plan adequate exhaust systems. Safety Engineers recommend protective masks. Special medical consultation provided on physical examinations and x-rays of welders.



Problem: To provide first aid and health service for 2211 people at the Piper plant.

Employers Mutuals worked with Piper officials to develop the new health unit . . . Nursing Consultants aided in setting up procedures and records . . . maintain close contact with Piper's staff.



Problem: 970 degree "baths" treat aluminum to make it tough.

Employers Mutuals helps Piper work out safe handling procedures that protect workers from burns . . . recommends protective gear including face helmet, asbestos gloves.



W. T. PIPER, President of Piper Aircraft,

has seen more than 50,000 Piper planes take off from Lock Haven for delivery all over the world. Proud as he is of this top production record, Mr. Piper doesn't seem surprised. "Some thirty years ago," he says, "I discovered that flying a plane was simpler than driving a team of horses. So I figured more and more people would take to flying their own planes."

And that's exactly what is happening. Today at Lock Haven, the growing demand keeps 2211 craftsmen busy turning out thirteen aircraft a day . . . six basic models ranging from the world-famous Super Cub to the record-making new Comanche.

"We have to step lively to keep pace," says Mr. Piper. "Our plant has been expanded to more than four times the size of our original factory. We've installed the latest production machinery and adopted the most efficient production techniques. And we aren't stopping there. We've got a new development center at Vero Beach in Florida to help us maintain leadership in our field . . . and plans are underway to expand our manufacturing facilities even more."

"You're well aware that progress like this creates some problems. Quite a few, in fact. Take the matter of the health and safety of our people. New problems arise in this area whenever a production change is made. The problem might come from the use of different material or from a new method. Whatever it is, we know how to deal with it: We work closely with Employers Mutuals of Wausau.

"With their broad experience and practical knowledge, Employers Mutuals often helps us solve a problem before it pops up. That's not always possible, of course, but we've seen that happen here frequently. And if the problem is a stubborn one . . . requiring watchful care and continued work, we're sure Employers Mutuals experts will help us until the job is done properly. What's more, they keep on helping us so we don't neglect our safe working habits.

"You'll be interested to know that Employers Mutuals people have been working with us for almost fifteen years now. That's why we can say, most heartily, 'They're good people to do business with'."



Problem: When wing frames are covered with cotton fabric, the material is saturated with a solution to make it fit tight. But the solution often irritated hands of the women who stitch the fabric.

Employers Mutuals helped eliminate dermatitis by advising how to clean hands properly and use protective creams.



Problem: Aircraft frames are blasted with fine grit to make smooth finishes.

Employers Mutuals helped develop complete protective gear. At one time, work like this presented a serious silicosis hazard. Employers Mutuals has played a leading part through the years to eliminate this hazard from industry.

• • •

Maybe you don't produce planes . . . but whatever your products are and wherever they're manufactured, you do have problems of health and safety that we can help you solve . . . and probably save you money too.

Employers Mutuals of Wausau has offices all across the country to serve you. We write all forms of fire, group and casualty insurance (including automobile). In the field of workmen's compensation we are one of the largest. We are proud of our reputation for fast claim service and our experience in preventing accidents. Consult your telephone directory for your nearest representative or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.



"Good people to do business with"

Employers Mutuals of Wausau

EDUCATION

Forth—Without Cheer

On the theory that college campuses are cloistered founts of academic learning commencement speakers each June have traditionally considered it their duty—or at least part of it—to describe the world outside for their youthful audiences. But if the world outside was anything like the one described at commencements across the U.S. last week, 1965's graduate would do well to forget that \$600-a-month job offer and bury himself as far back in the library stacks as he can squirm. The mood was one of gloom, doom and disdain for the U.S., and the road it is traveling.

¶ Princeton University President Robert F. Goheen, baccalaureate address: "Near far and the cheap and tawdry are glorified over achievements of solid worth; opiate of half-truth are seized in preference to realities of fact and need . . . We find ourselves as a nation on the defensive and as a people seemingly paralyzed in self-indulgence."

¶ Harvard President Nathan M. Pusey, baccalaureate address: "To many, not just the colleges but the whole Western world has for some time seemed adrift with little sense of purposeful direction, lacking deeply held conviction, wandering along with no more stirring thought in the minds of most men than desire for diversion, personal comfort and safety."

¶ Poet Richard Armour at Whitman College: "Can you visualize with me brain service stations called Brainatoriums or Brainstromats, where attendants (appropriately clad in white jackets) will wipe off your glass cortex and polish the chrome of your cerebellum while pumping in five ounces of grey matter? 'Fill'er up' you will say, and give me the superpower antiknock Ethyl think juice with vitamins added. And sometimes you will drive off with a hole in your head, when the attendant forgets to replace the cap at the base of your skull."

¶ M.I.T. President Julius Stratton, at Carleton College: "The impact of technology upon self-government is to subject the processes of democracy to a complete



ROBERT F. GOHEEN



JOSEPH L. STRATTON



NAHUM PUSEY

Gloom, doom and disdain for the U.S.

change of scale. In the massiveness of the effort, the influence of individual leadership is diffused and destroyed . . . Problems are of such colossal magnitude that it becomes virtually impossible to understand them in sufficient detail for wise decision and the mass of the system is so huge that decision more often than not leads to no perceptible action."

¶ Yale College Dean William C. Devane, at Loyola University: "The world that a young man enters today is a glittering and insidious thing . . . We must acknowledge that the loss of faith in our world, our destiny, our religion, is the cloudy and dark climate which most of America finds itself living in today. The individual may do what he likes to further his own gain. The man of wealth owns a whole district of slum dwellings, and feels no pangs of conscience for the hunger squalor and disease he encourages. The aggressive salesman makes outrageous claims for the product he wishes to sell. The novelist writes a scrofulous book in hope of being on the bestseller list and television corrupts the public taste . . . I seem to have worked myself into a most unhappy state of gloom by all this."

¶ University of California (Santa Barbara) Chancellor Samuel B. Gould at Pomona College: "The challenge of the hour is one in which we face adversity for the first time in our history. We face a moral

and spiritual adversity within our own borders brought on by a general slackening of will, a general tendency to countenance cupidity and applaud cunning, a general distrust of intellectual pursuits and those who pursue them, each a general vagueness as to national purpose and resolve. We have learned to distrust the intangible, to fear the nonconformist, to worship the material."

Before delivering his riposte to the world, Chancellor Gould had the wit and wisdom to examine the academic rite of the commencement speech itself, and to wonder if anyone was listening. Said he: "The commencement speaker represents the continuation of a barbaric custom that has no basis in logic. If the state of oratory that inundates our educational institutions during the month of June could be transformed into rain for Southern California, we should all be happily awash or waterlogged."

Grand Slam

Among the distinguished citizens at Yale University's commencement last week was Eugene R. Black, University of Georgia, class of '17, now head of the many-billioned World Bank and a man with quite a secret. Said Yale's President A. Whitney Griswold, handing Black an LL.D.: "With soft-spoken charm, you have circled the globe to develop the industry and agriculture of less fortunate peoples. Next day Banker Black, smiling broadly, turned up in Princeton. Presenting Black with his second LL.D., Princeton's President Robert F. Goheen cited him as "a native Georgian still engaged in reconstruction, who emerged from the Athens of his native state to lend quietly effective assistance to the rebirth of those conditions of order and growth of which the ancient republic of Athens stands as a perpetual reminder." Two days later, Eugene Black's secret was out. There he was on the dais in Harvard Yard receiving his third LL.D., of the week from Harvard President Nathan S. Pusey as a businessman "under whose wise guidance a new venture in banking brings dams and dynamos to developing nations."

The grand slam of the nation's most prestigious schools was without precedent in modern days, probably in history.



EUGENE R. BLACK AT HARVARD



EUGENE R. BLACK AT PRINCETON
One, two, three—bingo!



EUGENE R. BLACK AT YALE



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The new TRIUMPH/Herald can slide into a parking place with only 18 in. leeway and U-turn in only 25 ft. (14 ft. less than the typical compact car.) No magic involved. The wheels simply turn farther than any other car's.

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The TRIUMPH/Herald *never* needs an ordinary "grease job." Every major part of the suspension system is lined with rubber or nylon. There's *no* friction...no need for monthly lubrication. Only 4 parts of the car *ever* need grease...once every 6,000-12,000 miles.

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\$300-worth of "extras"—free

Surprisingly enough, many TRIUMPH/Herald costs hundreds less than the average American car...yet the list price includes the heater, defroster, "wall-to-wall" carpeting, foam rubber seats, vinyl upholstery, windshield washers...everything but a radio and white walls. All these items—a \$300 value—are "extras" on other cars.

How to get a demonstration

For a demonstration, phone the dealer nearest you. He's listed in the Yellow Pages. He'll drive the new TRIUMPH right to your door—with no obligation. But see it before you buy any car. It's 3 full engineering years ahead of all other economy cars—and well worth looking into.

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statesman or soldier—not George Marshall, Douglas MacArthur, nor Dwight Eisenhower—has won all three honors in a single year, though many have managed it over the years. No one was more surprised at the coincidence than the schools themselves; like Macy's and Gimbel's, they do not tell each other the names of their nominees. The only one who knew was Bunker Black himself, and he had been keeping his secret in the best academic tradition ever since April. He was, he said, "quite surprised and quite pleased."

Among other recipients last week

Amherst College

Eleanor Roosevelt LL.D.

Boston College

Marian Anderson, singer Mus.D.
Robert Kennedy, former counsel to
Senate rackets committee LL.D.

Citation: "The son of a distinguished Massachusetts name who, while still in the morning time of life, has conspicuously emulated his family's record of service to the Republic."

Brandeis University

Marc Chagall, artist H.L.D.

Dartmouth College

Leonard Bernstein, director, New York
Philharmonic, composer H.L.D.

Citation: "You are described as 'a life-long
allegro, a nest of atoms in a cyclotron, a
leaky electric eel, a Mickey Mantle of
music (three years ago, that was), a hu-
man gyroscope, Presley of the podium,
our musical Dick Tracy.'"

Harvard University

George A. Buttrick, professor of theology at Harvard D.D.
Robert G. Menzies, Prime Minister of
Australia LL.D.
Kenneth B. Murdock, Harvard historian
of U.S. colonial history Lit.D.
Llewellyn E. Thompson Jr., U.S. Ambassador to Russia LL.D.

Middlebury College

William P. Rogers, U.S. Attorney General LL.D.

Oberlin College

Alfred M. Gruenthal, president, Ameri-
can Red Cross, onetime NATO com-
mander LL.D.

Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn

James M. Gavin, retired U.S. Army
lieutenant general LL.D.

Princeton University

David K. E. Bruce, U.S. Ambassador to
France and Germany LL.D.
Livingston T. Merchant, U.S. Under
Secretary of State LL.D.

Southern Illinois University

Helan Hayes, actress D.F.A.

University of Pennsylvania

John J. McCloy, chairman of the



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When this picture was taken, Pawel Monat was Polish military attaché to Red China and North Korea. Confidant of Commie generals, he witnessed the Korean war from the other side. Now he writes in *LIFE* his explosive story documenting the facts U.N. forces were never able to prove: that, from the start, it was the Russians who trained the North Koreans, planned their attacks, "did almost everything but pull the trigger." And in *LIFE*'s pictures and exclusive reports, readers will find an under-the-surface report on another piece of Russian skullduggery: how the Reds kept Ike out of Japan.

OUT TODAY in the new issue of

LIFE



CECILE & GREGSON DAVIS AT GRADUATION
Puer Radcliffeensis: puer Harvatiensis.

Associated Press

board. Chase Manhattan Bank, one-time U.S. High Commissioner for Germany LL.D.

Yale University

Pedro Gerardo Beltrán, publisher of Lima's *La Prensa*, Finance Minister and Prime Minister of Peru LL.D., Franklin Clark Fry, president, United Lutheran Church of America D.D., Joshua Lederberg, Stanford University, professor of genetics Sc.D., Henry Knox Sherrill, one-time Presiding Bishop, Protestant Episcopal Church LL.D., Robert Penn Warren, novelist Litt.D.

Carpe Diem

The good-looking young Negro strode briskly to the platform at Harvard's commencement, welcomed his audience with sweeping gestures and rolling Latin phrases. Turning to the ladies, he intoned: "*O puer Radcliffeensis!*" Among the Radcliffe girls present, one smiled more happily than the rest at the words of Noel Gregson Davis, 10. She was his sister Cecile, 21. Together they had made a remarkable record. Greg had not only been chosen one of Harvard's two student commencement orators, the first Negro so honored, but was also graduating *magno cum laude*, while Cecile (*cum laude*) was elected Radcliffe class president and senior-class marshal.

The two youngsters barely made it to Cambridge. Children of a prosperous businessman in Antigua in The West Indies, they expected a British education. "All my ambition was to go to England," Gregson admits. It took persuasion by an uncle who had gone to Harvard to convince Gregson's father that Harvard was every bit as good as Oxford, and to get Gregson to apply for a scholarship. Cecile wanted to go to Jamaica's University College of The West Indies, but agreed to go

to the first school that offered her a scholarship. Impressed by an essay she had written on the proposed West Indies' Constitution, Radcliffe got there first.

Neither regrets the decision. Gregson who plans to become a classics teacher, says of Harvard: "Here I think my mind was stretched quite a bit." He played on the Harvard cricket team, each year collecting a prize for Latin. Cecile, who hopes to join The West Indies' diplomatic corps did well in her government major, worked with the Girl Scouts.

In four years neither brother nor sister experienced any racial trouble. Says Gregson: "At Harvard there is no difference between people."

Truce at Vanderbilt

The bitter fight that has split Nashville's Vanderbilt University since the expulsion of Negro Divinity Student James M. Lawson Jr. for promoting sit-in demonstrations finally simmered down last week. After many abortive efforts, Chancellor Harvie Branscomb arranged a compromise that brought a truce, though an uneasy one, to the campus. Lawson, who is now finishing his last three courses at Boston University, may earn his B.D. degree from Vanderbilt by either transferring credits from Boston or by taking a written exam this summer. The school has already replaced Divinity School Dean J. Robert Nelson, whose initial resignation touched off a faculty revolt. But twelve other divinity-school faculty members who also resigned may withdraw their resignations and return without prejudice.

At week's end Divinity Student Lawson was unsure whether or not to accept Vanderbilt's offer. But nine of the twelve faculty men had already withdrawn their resignations, Said Chancellor Branscomb: "This matter is now closed, and except for necessary details, will not be further discussed."

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Using techniques dating back at least 3000 years, Alfred D. Crimi creates a portable fresco for the Chivas Regal Fine Arts Series. The Sistine Chapel ceiling, by Michelangelo, and the Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci, are examples of this art form, so much a part of the Italian Renaissance.



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CINEMA

The New Pictures

Psycho (Alfred Hitchcock: Paramount) at first seems to be a typical Hitchcock spine tinger, whose moral is that heaven may protect the working girl but not if she takes long lunch hours in hotel rooms. The film commences with Janet Leigh bouncing about in her bra while her lover (John Gavin) tries to persuade her to take an early dinner as well as a late lunch ("We could laze around here"). She says pettishly that she wants to get married. He explains that he has no money. That afternoon she steals \$40,000



LEIGH & GAVIN IN "PSYCHO"
Every twitch, gurgle, even convolution.

from her boss's real estate firm and skips town, planning to rendezvous with Gavin.

With such game-foot, the experienced Hitchcock fan might reasonably expect the unreasonable—a great chase down Thomas Jefferson's forehead, as in *North by Northwest*, or across the rooftops of Monaco, as in *To Catch a Thief*. What is offered instead is merely gruesome. The trail leads to a sagging, swamp-view motel and to one of the messiest, most nauseating murders ever filmed. At close range, the camera watches every twitch, gurgle, convolution and hemorrhage in the process by which a living human becomes a corpse.

The nightmare that follows is expertly gothic, but the nausea never disappears. Little should be said of the plot—Hitchcock enjoins all viewers to be silent—except that Anthony Perkins, who plays an amateur taxidermist is—stekeningly involved, and that a blow is dealt to mother love from which that sentiment may not recover. Director Hitchcock bears down too heavily in this one, and the delicate illusion of reality necessary for a crack-and-shriek movie becomes, instead, a spectacle of stomach-churning horror.

Man in a Cocked Hat (Boulting Bros. Show Corp. of America) launches a satirical spitball at the British Foreign Office which not long ago returned the compliment by scotching plans to enter the movie in the recent Moscow Film Festival. Encouraged to know that the Banner of Blimpism is a blue funk on a field of choleric still flies Britons by the thousands crowded in to see the spoof, and doubtless the film's American distributors would welcome a similar seal of disapproval from the U.S. State Department. At any rate Producers John and Roy Boulting, who subverted the army in *Private's Progress* and big labor in *I'm All Right, Jack*, are as disrespectful—and funny—as ever on the subject of statecraft.

Things start popping at the F.O. when a dispatch arrives from Her Majesty's representative in Gaillardia, bearing the stunning news that three members of a visiting Russian Cossack dance team have been observed kicking out of step, and consequently must be spies. But where is Gaillardia? No one has ever heard of the place. The problem is bucked to Carlton-Browne of Miscellaneous Territories, a time-server whose troutlike face mirrors his intelligence. C-B (played expertly by gap-toothed Terry-Thomas) discovers the file on Gaillardia among the rats in the archives: it is an island which, being of no value was granted independence 40 years before—though no one bothered to inform the Queen's man in Gaillardia of this, or anything else; the last previous message to London was congratulations on the accession of Victoria.

Carlton-Browne counters the Cossacks with a troupe of left-footed secret service men disguised as Morris dancers. When this proves disastrous (the island's king about to die of boredom, is assassinated), C-B flies out to compound the calamity ably assisted by Gaillardia's Prime Minister Amphibulos (Peter Sellers), who embodies everything fine and honest in Balkan politics. Eventually, the U.N. (accompanied by a faint but distinct celestial choir) decides to partition Gaillardia, an act undertaken with marvelous literalness by painting a chalk line down its middle, ruthlessly separating sow from piglet, peasant from privy. To their horror, the British discover that a deposit of Epsom salts in the Russian sector is really coalbit. D'you realize," says C-B, "we could absolutely blow up the entire world? Smashin'." The muddling has just begun.

The plot devised by Scriptwriters Jeffrey Dell and Roy Boulting is as complicated as Frevelyan's *History of England*, but no matter. The fun is watching Actor Terry-Thomas come into his own, as Co-Star Sellers did in *The Mouse That Roared*. No comedian can rise to a challenge with greater stupor, or be more bumbumingly British. Near the film's end a Britisher bound for Gaillardia inquires whether the island offers anything to shoot. Answers Terry-Thomas, pulka as Lord Clive: "Only the natives, old boy."

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MEDICINE

Progress in Transplants

Medical scientists this week reported a major advance toward one of their most cherished goals: the ability to replace diseased or worn-out human organs. Writing in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, a team of doctors from Harvard Medical School and Peter Bent Brigham Hospital described the first successful attempt to graft a man with a kidney from somebody other than an identical twin. The patient is alive and healthy after 18 months—long enough to suggest that he has a chance of living a near-normal life. Led by Dr. John P. Merrill, the doctors succeeded by subjecting the patient to what they call "heroic measures": an almost killing dose of radiation. They are well aware that this is not the final answer. They want less drastic, probably chemical, means of making grafts "take." The search is already under way, and will be speeded by the preliminary success now reported.

The first serious attempts to transplant organs by modern surgical techniques began in the early 1900s, when pioneering Dr. Charles Claude Guthrie, working at St. Louis' Washington University, created two-headed dogs by grafting. Today most of the surgical techniques have been perfected. Such surgeons as Stanford's Norman E. Shumway Jr. have developed grafting to the point where a dog with an unrelated dog's transplanted heart is up and hopping around within 24 hours, but it dies within three weeks.

The difficulty—and the reason doctors

rarely try organ grafts on humans—is biochemical. One of nature's inexorable laws is that the mammalian body (like all animals' from amphibians up) will reject, attack and eventually destroy any invading material from another individual.* In experiments with dogs, and in the few attempts on humans, this "rejection reaction" has invariably killed the graft. Only in the case of identical twins, who are in effect the same person biochemically, have grafts of skin or organs been completely successful. Since 1954 the Harvard-Brigham team has performed eleven successful kidney transplants between identical twins. But in 17 other cases where they tried to get the same result outside the identical-twin relationship, the transplanted kidney was rejected, and the patient died. That was until John Riteris came along.

Fraternal Grafts. Latvian-born son of an engineer father and a dental surgeon mother, John Riteris, 24, was found to have kidney disease while in the Army, was discharged and went home to Milwaukee. Easily tired, always short of breath, he developed severe high blood pressure, a failing and enormously enlarged heart.

¶ An outstanding and little understood exception is blood, which is tolerated for a while (after transfusions) if the main A-B-O and Rh groupings are matched. Another exception: the cornea of the eye, which contains no blood vessels. Occasional exceptions involve skin grafts (especially from mother to child), burn victims, usually tolerate them better than healthy people; so do many patients with uremia.

FRANCIS MILLER



JOHN & ANDREW RITERIS
One's kidney to the other.

"dropsy" and anemia. When his 6-ft. frame was down to 98 lbs., doctors despaired of saving him.

Then John went to the Brigham with his twin brother Andrew, who hoped to give him one of his healthy kidneys. One look at the twins raised doubts in Dr. Merrill's mind. John is 2 in, taller than Andrew, and less heavily built; tests proved that they were not identical but fraternal, and therefore different persons chemically. John was likely to have the usual rejection reaction. But a graft from Andrew's arm to John's had lasted long enough to be encouraging. Because of this and hoping that John's uremia would be an advantage, the team decided to go ahead. To help the graft take, they had to knock out John's entire factory (mainly in the bone marrow) for making antibodies and blood cells. The knockout, they hoped, would be temporary.

Within a week, Radiologist James B. Dealy Jr. beamed a total of 450 roentgen units into John in two doses; given in one shot it probably would have killed him. Then the team was ready to operate. Surgeon Joseph E. Murray opened John's abdomen and prepared a "bed" on the right side for insertion of a kidney. In an adjacent operating theater, Surgeon-Urologist J. Hartwell Harrison removed Donor Andrew's left kidney. A nurse carried it in a sterile basin to Dr. Murray, who stitched it into John's pelvis, carefully hooking up the ureter, main artery and vein.

How well Andrew's kidney had been grafted was soon evident: John voided 3½ quarts within 36 hours. In another major operation, the doctors removed both his own diseased kidneys. In ten weeks he was discharged and stayed fairly well. But after nine months, John's system started to react against his new kidney, and Dr. Dealy ordered an additional 200 r. of X rays. John's survival in good health since then, the Brigham team suggests, gives reason to hope that nature's primeval reaction against invasion has been sidetracked in this case.

Since the Riteris transplant, Paris surgeons using radiation have successfully duplicated the operation with another set of nonidentical twins, and a second Paris team has transplanted a kidney from a woman of 47 to her 40-year-old brother. The transplant appeared to take, but the patient died of cancer of the liver.

Search for the Ideal. Despite these achievements, Dr. Merrill and his colleagues consider radiation far from the ideal solution. Massive radiation exposes the patient to a higher-than-average risk of death from infection or hemorrhage; there is danger of cataracts or cancer, especially leukemia. What they want is a drug or chemical that will switch off the rejection reaction selectively, enabling the body to accept the transplant but leaving other antibody mechanisms unimpaired.

Some potent chemicals, like nitrogen mustard, suppress the blood-forming and antibody mechanisms, but at the same high price as radiation. Other anti-cancer drugs, which interfere with the metabo-



SURGEON MURRAY & PHYSICIAN MERRILL
New hearts for old?

lism of cells, may be more selective but are less effective. So the search goes on.

It is being pressed with unusual vigor at Stanford University. There, Radiologist Henry S. Kaplan is experimenting in animals with massive doses of cortisone-type steroids, which cut down the body's output of lymphocytes (the most aggressive type of white cells against foreign tissue) but do not knock out most other types of blood cells. "The hope," says Dr. Kaplan, "is that the lymphocyte system, recovering in the presence of the graft, may learn to live with it."

Across the courtyard in Stanford's department of genetics, other researchers are looking for answers at the submicroscopic level, inside the white cells themselves. Dr. Gustav Nossal is exploring the fundamental question of why nature evolved the rejection mechanism in the first place. Likeliest explanation: as a protection against infection by viruses and bacteria. The body actually develops two such defenses. It makes 1) antibodies, which circulate in the blood in the gamma globulin fraction (these can be transferred from person to person, hence the use of gamma globulin in measles and some other viral diseases), and 2) lymphocytes, which migrate rapidly to the site of invasion by foreign material, and launch a counter-attack. But how?

The nub of the matter seems to be the nucleus of the lymphocyte cell. This contains chromosomes, the dictators of heredity, which in turn contain big molecules of nucleic acids. One type is ribonucleic acid (RNA), which shows up in tiny particles called ribosomes. They consist of a core of RNA wrapped in a coating of protein. The RNA contains a code of orders that dictate what proteins the body will tolerate.

This mechanism, says Dr. Nossal, may be nothing more than the body's primary defense against abnormal cells that appear in it by mutation. Unchecked, they might become cancer. The healthy body destroys such aberrant cells, probably every day. Dr. Kaplan theorizes that in Hodgkin's disease the abnormal cells treat the body's normal cells as foreign invaders, and in effect turn them out of their own house. A key finding from Manhattan's Sloan-

Kettering Institute bridges hitherto far-apart fields: advanced cancer patients, whose rejection mechanism has undergone a serious breakdown, will accept skin grafts not only from unrelated donors, but even from other species, e.g., pigskin.

From *Monkeys to Men*. At U.C.L.A.'s new medical center in Westwood, a research team headed by Surgeon Franklin L. Ashley has tried to make the ideal chemical switch by taking lymphocytes and breaking them down to get almost pure RNA. The researchers take both lymphocytes and grafts from one group of rats. If the concentrated RNA is injected into other rats before they receive grafts from the same donors, 25% of the animals will take the grafts permanently. The researchers expect to push the percentage higher when they get the best dosage figured out. After working up through monkeys, they hope to find ways of testing the technique in man within a year. This, like similar work in England, raises the inviting possibility of injecting a newborn child with RNA from a relative who can then serve him as a future donor of skin or organs.

In the near future of medicine and surgery, probably no problem is more fundamental than the rejection reaction. By understanding it, doctors may find answers to the riddle of cancer and a host of other ills. A prime example is the kidney inflammation that almost killed John Riteris. There is good reason to suspect, says Dr. Merrill, that his nephritis was the result of an "autoimmune reaction," in which some of the body's cells turn against its own tissues to destroy them. The same may be true of certain thyroid diseases.

In the field of transplants, the great target is the heart. Some victims of atherosclerotic coronary disease (the leading killer in the U.S. today) might be saved if they could receive a transplant of a healthy heart from, say, a traffic accident victim. Infants with certain inborn heart defects would have a chance of survival. The time may come when doctors will be able to take out all sorts of damaged or imperfect organs and replace them with little more difficulty than changing the carburetor in an automobile.



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MUSIC

Beyond the Cool

"I don't know what he's playing," said Trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie, "but it's not jazz." "He's doing the only really new thing in jazz since the mid-'40s," says Pianist John Lewis.

The object of this controversy is a slight, fringe-bearded alto saxophonist named Ornette Coleman. No jazzman has created such a stir since Charlie Parker started packing them in at the Three Deuces on 52nd Street 15 years ago. Last week, insiders of the cool world were flocking to a shabby cave in Manhattan's



SAXOPHONIST COLEMAN
[COURTESY]

Greenwich Village known as the Five Spot Café to learn just what kind of wind Ornette is blowing and why.

Something Else. Like many a modern jazzman, Coleman is trying to enlarge the content of jazz by allowing for a greater degree of improvisation. But musicians most notably Parker, attempted the same thing in the 1940s by ignoring traditional rests and introducing low-volume rhythmic subtleties that freed soloists from the slogging swing beat. In the late '40s came the cool style pioneered by Miles Davis with its laggering beat and light, dry sound. But some of Coleman's critics feel that he has not only stretched jazz structure but has totally demolished it. Improvisation, to Coleman, means music not limited by standard rhythms, harmonies, or even tonality, but based instead on a kind of free association of sounds.

Up to now, Ornette's surprisingly wide and uneven reputation has been built chiefly on three albums whose titles suggest the experimental nature of his work: Atlantic's *The Shape of Jazz to Come*,

and Contemporary Records' *Tomorrow Is the Question!* and *Something Else!* (jazz lingo for a musician whose work is highly inventive as compared to one who is merely "taking care of business"). What the Five Spot audiences heard last week was clearly "something else"—music compounded of wildly asymmetrical melodies lurching and truncated rhythms, tone colors as varied and highly personal as the sound of a human voice. The Coleman Quartet plays mostly Ornette's own compositions—pieces with odd private titles like *Invisible*, so named because the song's key (D-flat) is hard to detect, and *Congeniality*, suggested by the personality of a wandering preacher he once knew.

What Makes Sense. Playing with Coleman, who uses a white plastic sax with a warmer tone than the conventional metal instrument, are Charlie Haden (bass), Edward Blackwell (drums) and Don Cherry (trumpet). They all seemed to be going their own ways. The direction of any tune might change from bar to bar, depending on which musicians happened to have the dominant ear at that moment. The drummer repeatedly shifted his rhythm forcing concessions from the other players. At best, the result evoked an abstract expressionist painting whose dots, slashes and blobs are miraculously knitted into a pattern.

Saxophonist Coleman decided a long time ago that he could not play like other jazzmen, but it was not until recently that he found anybody who would listen to him—or even play with him. Born 30 years ago in Fort Worth, Texas, the son of a sometime baseball player and singer, he taught himself how to play the sax when he was 14, went on the road with small-time bands. Once in Baton Rouge, a crowd so detested his playing that they smashed his sax, and Bandleader Pee Wee Crayton hired him and then wound up paying him not to play. Now enjoying his first real success, Coleman remains confused by the storm his music has created. Says he: "I just play what I hear and what makes sense."

"Hello, Minnie"

The little grey-haired woman in the rubber-soled shoe trots from the wings to the front of the stage and, flourishing her right arm, cries, "Hello, everybody." Back comes a chorus: "Hello, Minnie!" Thus does New Yorkers ritualistically hail the opening of the nation's oldest summer musical—the 42-year-old Lewisohn Stadium Concerts. This week the subway commuters are thronging again to Lewisohn on Manhattan's upper West Side to hear the 43rd season ushered in by Conductor Pierre Monteux—and Mrs. Charles ("Minnie") Guggenheim.

To thousands of New Yorkers, Minnie at 78 personifies Lewisohn Stadium. She attended the concerts in the summer of 1918, hit on the crowd-catching mixture of jazz, pop music, "Viennese Nights" and serious classical endeavor. And it was Min-

nie who gave some of the best known names in music—Marian Anderson, Larry Adler, Eugene Ormandy—their first major concert audiences.

Minnie's achievements are celebrated in a new book by her daughter Sophie Guggenheim Untermyer and Presagent Alix Williamson, titled *Mother Is Minnie* (Doubleday: \$4.95). The book does little to explain what it is that equips Minnie Guggenheim to raise some \$100,000 for Lewisohn each year, but it demonstrates unmistakably why she has become as celebrated a figure at the stadium as most of the soloists who have appeared there.

Putting the Touch. Daughter of Samuel Schafer, a Manhattan stockbroker, Minnie studied piano as a girl, later grim-



IMPERIARIO GUGGENHEIMER
Isn't it Gilbert and Solomon?

ly entertained her husband, Lawyer Charles Guggenheim, with "my \$1,000 piece, Isolde's 'Liebestod.'" When she took on her stadium chores, she gave up the piano, and apparently has not looked seriously at music since. Her musical misuses are legendary. Reading from notes during one of her stadium intermission talks, she announced that the coming attraction would be "Eiao Pinza Bass," and then added over the roars of laughter: "Oh no, that can't be right; that's the name of a fish." She has been known to refer to *H.M.S. Pinafore* as "everybody's favorite by Gilbert and Solomon," or to announce that "Rodger Hammerstein personally will conduct a number from *South Pacific*." To anybody familiar with her ways, it is perfectly obvious that when she announces a performance of "that wonderful concerto the one with the tune," she is referring to Rachmaninoff's *Piano Concerto No. 2 in C-Minor*. To a radio audience she once announced that she was planning a program by living American composers and added: "You'd be surprised to find how



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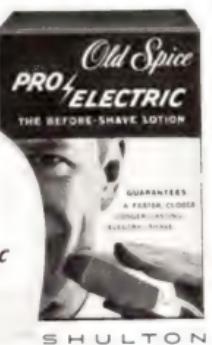
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many American composers are living."

A small, energetic woman, Minnie Guggenheim laborers the year round raising money for her seven-week stadium season. She never hesitates to put the touch on an absolute stranger. "If I'm walking down Fifth Avenue," says she, "and see a lady in sable, I go up to her and say, 'You look as though you've got money to spare. I'm Minnie Guggenheim and I need it.'"

Smelling Rain. The success or failure of a stadium season depends as much on the weather as it does on donations. Minnie has the sole responsibility for canceling a concert (at a loss of as much as \$10,000) in case of rain, and the responsibility weighs heavily on her. Once, so the story goes, after she had decided to gamble on a concert against the advice of the Weather Bureau, she scurried to the footlights and said: "I don't know what the hell to do. It's one of those nights that's driving me nuts." After 15 minutes the clouds cleared away. "They'll think I'm a witch," said Minnie.

Last week Minnie found herself \$30,000 in the red for 1960. On top of that, she feared that one of her favorite weather prognosticators, a double bass player named Carlos Raviola, known to Minnie as "Mr. Spaghetti," would at any moment begin "smelling rain." Minnie concluded that she had about had it. She would give up the whole business, she told a visitor, the day after the stadium celebrated its 50th anniversary in 1968.

Shakespeare's Equal?

When British Composer Benjamin Britten decided last October to write an opera on Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, he faced a prickly problem: how to remain faithful to the original and yet cut the play by roughly one half. Last week, at England's Aldeburgh Festival, Britten's eagerly awaited *Dream* was greeted with salvos of critical applause. The composer, with the aid of Singer-Librettist Peter Pears, had solved his problem so brilliantly, reported a *TIME* correspondent, that "it becomes hard to imagine hearing the words again merely spoken without feeling a sense of loss."

Musically, Britten's *Dream* was divided into three parts—The Fairies, The Lovers, The Rustics. In the supernatural passages, Britten concentrated on fantastical sounds: mysterious tinklings of the celesta, curious patterns of bells, vocal parts accompanied only by harps and percussion. To place the world of the fairies at a clear remove from the world of mortals, Britten wrote the part of Oberon for counter-tenor (Alfred Deller), a high-pitched, constricted voice never heard in modern opera, and Titania for high soprano (Jennifer Vyvyan). The music of the lovers, on the other hand, was mainly characterized by throbbing, Wagnerian chords while the music for the rustics was simple and zestful—as broadly comic as Shakespeare's own words.

Wrote the *Daily Express'* Noel Goodwin: "The foremost British composer since Shakespeare's own day here meets our national genius on equal terms."



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THE PRESS

Free Press Gone Wrong

"Violence is not only that of pistols and fists; that of the pen is more dangerous."

—Japan's Premier Nobusuke Kishi

Against the screeches of Japan's rioters last week came an imploring chorus that sounded almost like the voice of reason. As paid demonstrators shed blood to keep Dwight Eisenhower out of Japan, seven of Tokyo's most influential daily newspapers jointly denounced such goings-on. "We cannot condone violence," cried Tokyo's *Asahi Shinbun* (circ. 5,000,000). "Impermissible under any circumstances," echoed *Yomiuri* (3,500,000).

Such sentiments were admirable—except for one thing. As much as any other agency, the Japanese press was responsible for the very violence that it now, all so suddenly, came to condemn.

For months, Japan's newspapers willingly and methodically laid the groundwork for crisis with a steady vilification of Premier Nobusuke Kishi and raucous demands that President Eisenhower stay away from Japan. Last May, after Kishi pushed the new U.S. security treaty through Parliament, *Asahi* called the action "a dictatorship of the majority," provocatively suggested that violence was the only appropriate response. As the street mobs took the cue, increasingly virulent headlines demanded Kishi's resignation, concocted highly imaginative crises: PARTY LEADERS DESERT KISHI, AND NATION'S DIET SYSTEM IS STANDING AT CROSSROADS OF LIFE OR DEATH.

Any Government. Such rabble-rousing irresponsibility is neither a studied reflection of the national will nor a momentary lapse from reason: it is the very nature of the Japanese press. With one minor exception—the Communist Party's daily *Akahata* (circ. 53,000)—the country's 186 dailies stand for nothing at all. But they are united against the government. It just so happens that the Conservatives have been in power since the end of 1948, but with fine impartiality, the press has fayled all of Premier Kishi's predecessors as savagely as Kishi. Says one leading Tokyo editor: "We would similarly attack any government, including a Socialist one; it is the duty of the press to be anti-government."

Ironically, the Japanese press is largely owned by wealthy conservatives such as *Mainichi*'s Chikao Honda, *Yomiuri*'s Matsutaro Shoriki, and *Asahi*'s Nagataka Murayama, who secretly sympathize with Kishi and the Conservative cause. But they are journalistic eunuchs, interested mainly in profit, who have literally surrendered their papers to the hundreds of young liberal "intellectuals" in Japanese newsrooms. Espousing no cause but that of full-throated antagonism to the party in power, these leftists not only incite to riot but often themselves join the rioters. Last week, when a part of the mob broke off to charge police guarding the Diet

building, the sortie was led by a phalanx of screaming, pole-waving newsmen.

The People Listened. Under the constitution pressed through by Occupation Commander Douglas MacArthur at the end of World War II, the Japanese were guaranteed freedom of the press. But to the Japanese press, freedom soon became a mandate to inveigh against all authority. Says Takeshi Susuki, managing editor of *Chubu Nippon*: "The function of the press in Japan has always been, and remains, to fight against feudalism."

In that climate grew the seeds of violence. Japan's youth, floundering in aimless quest of a cause, rallied to the negative exhortations of the press, with the



Kyodo News
JAPANESE PUBLISHERS HONDA, MURAYAMA, SHORIKI
The eunuchs sired a monster.

S. Imai

alluring open invitations to throw stones at authority. The ceaseless voice of opposition to the government laid strong hold on a people not many years out from under the heels of their own police.

Even last week's call to order was not that at all, but the pious *pro forma* protestations of a press thoroughly satisfied with its own destructive handiwork. "We are only reflecting public opinion," said one leading editor, disclaiming all responsibility for the bloody rioting. "Kishi is responsible. He can solve it by resigning." All over Japan, the attacks against Kishi went on as before. It was too late for the irresponsible Japanese press to start making responsible noises.

A Break from Routine

Detroit *Free Press* Reporter James Robinson's regular job is covering the state legislature in Lansing. But one day last March, Robinson was pulled off his beat to check an anonymous tip that an innocent man was behind prison bars. Such tips are a dime a dozen in any newsroom: legislative Reporter Robinson got the assignment mainly because his city editor thought it would provide a welcome break from routine.

With methodical thoroughness Jim Robinson, 35, examined the record. On June 9, 1954, Detroit police had answered a call to the residence of Walter A. Pecho and found Pecho's wife Eleanor dead of a

shotgun wound in the chest. Pecho, an Oldsmobile plant worker, insisted that his wife had killed herself, showed police a suicide note. Police, prosecutor and jury did not believe him. He was convicted of second-degree murder; on Nov. 16 of the same year, still swearing his innocence, Pecho entered the state prison at Jackson to serve 15 to 20 years.

As Robinson dug more deeply, his suspicions grew. Pecho's conviction was based on the flimsiest of evidence, centering around the testimony of Dr. Charles E. Black, a state-retained Lansing pathologist, who testified that Mrs. Pecho could not possibly have held the weapon, a 20-gauge shotgun, against her chest and been able to reach the trigger. Reporter Robinson also discovered that some evidence strongly implying Pecho's innocence had

not even been introduced at the trial. Example: the only fingerprint found on the shotgun was that of Pecho's wife.

Robinson took his suspicions to another pathologist, Dr. Richard E. Olsen, who, at the request of Pecho's attorney, had been studying the case for weeks. "This is a classic suicide, a textbook case," Olsen told Robinson. "The evidence for suicide is so great that the only evidence I could accept to prove murder would be a confession by Pecho, confirmed by a polygraph [lie detector] test." As both Robinson and Olsen knew, Pecho had been given four polygraph tests, none of which indicated that he was lying when he stated his innocence.

Robinson checked out his last suspicion with Pecho himself. Since Pecho admittedly had been with his wife on the day of her death, why hadn't he tried to prevent her suicide? Guiltily, Pecho confessed that after 14 years of constant quarreling and repeated threats of suicide by his wife, he had finally reached the point, on that June morning in 1954, where he simply did not care.

Robinson's story in the *Free Press* touched off an official re-investigation of the Pecho case, and a reconstruction of Mrs. Pecho's death proved that she could easily have pulled the trigger herself. In the light of this and other compelling evidence of Pecho's innocence, Michigan Governor G. Mennen Williams granted



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Walter Pecho a full pardon. As Pecho last week walked free, after five years and seven months in prison, Governor Williams said: "The press, and particularly the Detroit *Free Press*, has performed a public service of the highest order."

Bargain for Sam

In 38 years at the game, Publisher Samuel L. Newhouse has never exhausted either the will or the cash to buy newspapers. Fortnight ago, he added to his 14 papers by acquiring a healthy \$3,600,000 slice of the Denver *Post* (TIME, June 20). Last week, still hot after bargains, Newhouse made a quick trip to Massachusetts, came home with a \$4,000,000 piece of Springfield's three jointly held newspapers.

If anything, the second buy was a better bargain than the first. The Denver *Post* has been barely scraping by on the balance sheet, but the three Springfield papers—the morning *Union* (circ. 80,068), the evening *News* (40,008) and the Sunday *Republican* (112,352)—produce a cool net profit of \$1,000,000 a year.

As usual, Newhouse made his move at just the right time. A tightly held family empire that began with the establishment of the *Republican* in 1824 by Samuel Bowles, the papers have remained in the family for four generations. But after the death of Publisher Sherman Hoar Bowles in 1952, the family grip loosened. Sherman Bowles gave 45% of the stock to his wife and four children, but they cannot vote the stock and do not gain possession until 100%. Another 40%, was distributed among other relatives, the remaining 15% to the newspaper employees' pension fund.

Newhouse's move was to buy the 40% block and rights to the 45% held by Sherman Bowles' immediate family. Even though employees hold voting rights to the family share through 1967, Newhouse is assured eventual control.

Cosi

"Most people feel that because we are nuns we have lost our appreciation for feminine matters," says Sister Lorenzina of Rome's Catholic Pious Society of the Daughters of St. Paul. "Quite the contrary. A woman remains a woman even after she takes the veil. If she lost her feminine soul, she would become a cold, sterile human being."

Sister Lorenzina has practical proof for her point: listed on the masthead by her given name of Olga Guidetti, she is the editor of a not-quite-slick-paper magazine named *Cosi* (Thus), which is published and staffed by the Daughters of St. Paul and is a successful weekly entry in the fiercely competitive Italian field of popular magazines for women.

Skirting the Stars. *Cosi*, along with its rivals, has no real counterpart in U.S. journalism; it combines the fashion-consciousness of an especially demure *Vogue* with the love stories of a particularly sedate *Redbook*, the gossip columns of the less sensational U.S. movie magazines with the diet and beauty advice of a *Ladies' Home Journal*. Among its features is a weekly horoscope; *Cosi* skirts



EDITOR GUIDETTI
"A woman remains a woman."

church objections with a cautionary footnote reminding readers that human will is independent of the stars.

Established in 1955 by Don Giacomo Alberione, now 75, founder of the Society of St. Paul, a progressive order that uses such modern means as movies, radio and TV to spread the word of Christ, *Cosi* competes on nonsecular terms. By its low price—*Cosi* sells for 50 lire (8¢), about half the going rate—and by a vigorous door-to-door selling campaign, the Daughters of St. Paul say they have pushed the magazine's circulation to 300,000, respectively close to the two leaders in the crowded Italian women's field *Grazia* and *Annabella*, each with about 400,000 circulation.

One recent week two of *Cosi*'s black-habited staffers sat among the smartly dressed buyers at a high-fashion show in Rome. As the models in chic suits, low-cut evening gowns and bathing suits walked by, the sisters, looking a bit like ravens at a parade of cockatoos, exchanged expert opinions, took precise notes. After the showing, they stepped into *Cosi*'s staff car, a blue Fiat, and drove away to their walled convent on Rome's southern side. There they produced a sprightly and authoritative review of the latest modes.

Editing with Care. When the sisters are given bylines for their articles, their given names are always used. There is a good reason for such policy: *Cosi*'s ten sister-staffers want their magazine to stand as more than a conventional oddity. Says Sister Lorenzina: "We take great care in editing so that readers should not see that *Cosi* is obviously done by nuns. By publishing a gay and amusing magazine—always within the concepts of Christian morality and modesty—we try to attract readers who would otherwise buy publications which are often scandalous and harmful to morals."

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MISCELLANY

Age of Enlightenment. In Phoenix, Ariz., Assistant Fire Chief E. J. McIndoo turned in a succinct report: "Cause of fire—man searching for gas leak with a match. He found it."

Natural Berth. In Trenton, N.J., the state senate referred a bill concerning maternity hospitals to the labor committee.

For Whom the Bells Toll. In Bilston, Staffordshire, England, after years of awarding prayer books to confirmation candidates, St. Leonard's Church decided to switch to alarm clocks.

Derailed. In Casper, Wyo., a master of ceremonies at a state trucking association meeting was roundly booted when he asked members to join him in a rollicking chorus of *I've Been Working on the Railroad*.

Nap Gap. In Baltimore, following a long commencement program at the Bryn Mawr School, Gordon F. Scheckells was rushed to the hospital with his jaw locked open from an excessively wide yawn.

Juicy Case. In Cincinnati, Rita Adams was awarded a divorce because her husband Earl never talked to her, just did "odd things like squeezing a tomato in my face."

Shell Shock. In Waverly Hall, Ga., Joseph D. Miller's small foreign car veered off the road and turned turtle after running over a tortoise.

Silver Lining. In Gooding, Idaho, the state School for the Deaf and Blind got around to presenting Mrs. Ted Biddulph with her \$5 prize 40 years after she had won a contest for naming the institution's monthly magazine, the *Optimist*.

One to Grow On. In Grise Fjord, on Ellesmere Island, Canada, unable to read the instructions for assembling five prefabricated houses, a group of Eskimos did the best they could, built six.

Male Man. In Homestead, Fla., Postman Walter Stiles was given two weeks' notice for "conduct unbecoming a Government employee" after his picture appeared in a national nudist magazine.

Broken Record. In Cedar Rapids, Iowa, when their names were called to receive perfect-attendance awards at Class Day exercises at the Buchanan School, Kindergartners Roxanne Davis and Richard Hawkins were absent.

Table Hoppers. In Thetford, England a general and two other senior guests of honor arose at the end of a formal military banquet, started to leave the room, found that the table was following them because a practical joker had lashed their ankles to its legs.

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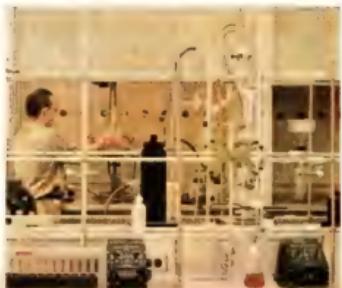
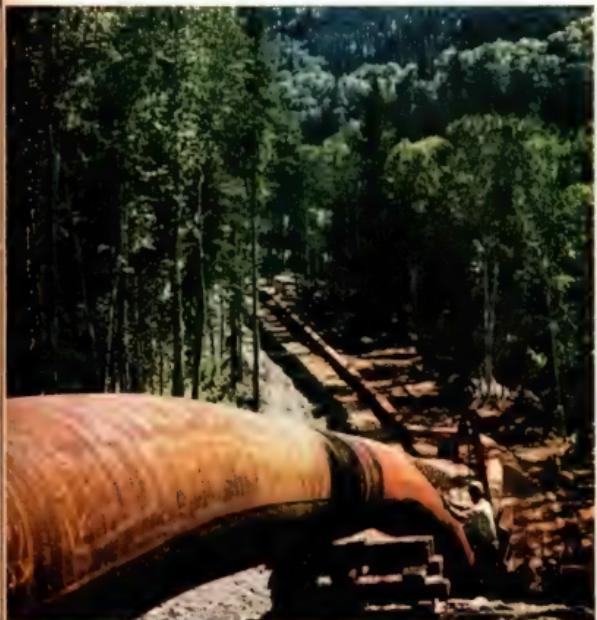
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SPORT

Comeback at Cherry Hills

In practice, the world's finest golfer looked unbeatable. Tanned and trim, Arnold Palmer (TIME Cover, May 2), spent hours perfecting his power off the tee, sent shots that seemed to soar forever in the rarefied, mile-high air of the Cherry Hills Country Club outside of Denver. On the greens, the 30-year-old Palmer had the same gentle touch that had brought him from behind in April to win the prestigious Masters, give him a big lead as the year's top money winner. Ready to turn Cherry Hills into a pitch-and-putt course, Palmer was a confident 4-1 favorite when the field of 150 amateurs and pros teed off last week in the 60th U.S. Open, the biggest tournament in golf.

On the very first hole, Arnold Palmer splashed into the water, and the 1960 Open was suddenly turned from a one-man romp into the most dramatic in history. With his pre-tournament perfection gone, Palmer labored like a Sunday duffer. His drives wandered about the fairways, his putts tantalizingly lipped the cup. Only his famed talents for "scrambling" kept him in the tournament at all. After the first 36 (of 72) holes, Palmer's one-over-par 143 tied him for a sorry 15th behind the surprise leader, Mike Souchak.

Birdie-Birdie. A burly muscle-boy, Souchak not only was driving the ball out of sight, as expected, but his erratic putter was so steady that his two-round total of 135 was the lowest in Open history. Full of his customary good cheer, Souchak seemed about to disprove the old golfing axiom that relaxed guys finish last. But in

the third round, Souchak began to suffer. Startled by the sudden sound of a spectator's camera, he drove out-of-bounds on the 18th, and smiled no more. Still, going into the final round, he had what seemed a safe, two-stroke lead on the field. Taut with frustration, Arnold Palmer was still floundering back in 15th place, a full seven strokes behind Souchak.

Then Palmer began one of golf's great rounds. His first shot was fantastic: a drive that carried the green 340 yards away. He putted for a birdie. On the second, he pulled off another astonishing shot: a 30-ft. chip into the cup for a birdie. "I really felt then I was on my way," he said later. On the third, his second shot stopped a yard from the pin to set up another birdie. On the fourth, he canned a twisting 20-ft. putt—for his fourth straight birdie. He parred the fifth, then sank a 25-ft. putt on the sixth and a 6-footer on the seventh for birdies. finished the first nine in five under par. Around the course the word passed with electric swiftness: "Palmer made the turn in 30."

The next nine holes were decisive. Hitting with full power, Palmer reached the green on the 563-yr. eleventh hole in two shots, holed out in two putts for another birdie to go four under par for the tournament. With Souchak fading fast, the Open turned into a frantic, four-way fight between Palmer, Jack Fleck, 38, the 1958 winner, Jack Nicklaus, 20, the husky U.S. Amateur champion, and a fagged-out Ben Hogan, 47, gallantly trying for his fifth victory in the competition.

Pressure Cooker. Certain that his three rivals knew of his tremendous rally, Palmer coolly switched to a conservative brand of golf and waited for the pressure to do its work. One by one, Palmer's competitors cracked. Saddest sight of all was the collapse of Hogan. Tied with Palmer at four under par going into the last two holes, Hogan landed in the water on the 17th for a bogey. On the 18th, the old mechanical man made a pitiable mechanical mistake: he lifted his head on a putt, topped the ball and suffered a triple-bogey 7 that shoved him back to even par. Playing with calm assurance, Palmer drove with an iron for safety's sake on the 18th, but the ball still carried 265 yards. From 80 ft. off the green, he chipped within a yard of the cup to set up the final putt.

Palmer's comeback, giving him a 280 total, and the title by two strokes over Nicklaus, was the most spectacular ever staged in the Open. By winning, he earned \$14,400, boosted his total winnings this year to \$66,600, and became the heavy favorite to complete his sweep of golfing's major titles this summer—in the British Open and the P.G.A. championship.

Atlas Come to Life

The greatest weight lifter of modern times, and one of the world's most remarkable athletes, is a stocky, Sacramento-born Nisei named Tommy Kono, 29. He wears horn-rimmed glasses, speaks with unfeigned modesty, and seems as in-



CHAMPION KONO
All in the mind.

nous as Clark Kent—until he takes off his clothes and sets to work. Then Kono becomes Superman himself.

Last week, at the A.A.U. championships and Olympic tryouts in Cleveland, Kono carefully put aside his glasses, chalked his hands, and approached the bar bells like old and honored adversaries. As always, his lifts were marvels of split-second timing and raw power. When Kono was done, he had hoisted a total of 865 lbs. in three lifts to win his eighth national title, qualified easily to compete for the U.S. in the 165-lb. weight-lifting class at the Rome Olympics this August.

Kono virtually guarantees the U.S. a gold medal. Undefeated in world championship competition since 1952, he has broken some 30 world records. Even more unusual, Kono seems able to gain or lose weight at will and still lick the planet. In the Olympics he won the 148-lb. class in 1952, the 181-lb. class in 1956. In non-Olympic competition, he set a world record in the 168-lb. class.

Now a resident of Hawaii, Kono was so asthmatic as a child that his worried mother tried such Oriental remedies as burning small amounts of fluff directly against his body. In 1945, while he and his family were quartered in a wartime relocation camp, Kono began fooling around with weights, soon rid himself of the asthma, changed from a 105-lb. weakling into a genuine Atlas.

Confidence. To Tommy Kono, the secret lies in the power of positive thinking. "Successful weight lifting is not in the body," says Kono. "It's in the mind. You have to strengthen your mind to shut out everything—the man with the camera, the laugh or cough in the audience. You lift as much as you believe you can. Your body can do what you will it to do."

"I don't think of my opponent, even in a close contest. I never would say to myself, 'I hope he slips.' That's a negative attitude. Saying that, you're relying on outside help to win. Praying doesn't help."



CHAMPION PALMER
All in the spirit.

either. That's also relying on outside help. The will has got to come from me. It's all up to me.

"Just before bending down for the bar, I look up. That relaxes my back. I get the feeling that my direction is up. Then I grip the bar and take a deep breath and arch my back. Then I feel in the mood. I feel like a pouter pigeon. When I feel tension on my lower back, I rock backward, and the weight comes up automatically. I think of the steps, not the weight. Thinking of the weight would unnerve me."

Doubt. A medical technician, Kono stokes himself on vitamin pills, minerals and protein tablets. To gain weight, he eats five meals a day while varying the menu from Chinese to Japanese to Italian to American. Bachelor Kono's diligence draws high praise from Bob Hoffman, vice chairman of the A.A.U. weight-lifting committee: "Kono is dedicated. Others get married, bring their wives to contests. You can't win that way. If a wife is cooperative and accepts the fact that bar bells come first, a weight lifter might succeed. Otherwise, there is no place for a wife in a champion's life."

But in frank moments Kono admits that he is about fed up with weight lifting: "At the start it was joy. Now it's an ordeal. I'm a special target of the Russians. I'm always under pressure to defend a title or break a record." In fact, Kono is talking of quitting after this year. To ease his ennui in the meantime, he bends nails with his fingers, drives spikes into boards with his fist, blows up hot-water bottles until they burst, and looks forward to the Olympics—when he will have the chance to become the first weight lifter in history to win gold medals in three different classes.

Erratic Superstar

Relinquishing his omniscience for just a few seconds, Casey Stengel said: "God knows, I don't know what's wrong with Mickey Mantle."

Since God is not talking, Mickey's teammates and the country's sportswriters have had to try to figure it out for themselves.

A ten-year veteran at 28, Mantle should be in his peak years. He still has perhaps the highest potential in major-league history, and his past record is star caliber. But Mantle is wildly erratic. At his best, he hits home runs in fusillades—as he was doing last week. At his worst, he strikes out in dreary succession. For more than a year his bad days have outnumbered the good.

He has been plagued by physical injuries. His right knee is shot, his right shoulder is weak, he has had innumerable pulled, torn and twisted muscles. The knee bothers him most: before every game, he binds his right leg from ankle to thigh. "The knee will never be right again," says Mantle. "It always feels like it will go out." Says a rival American League manager: "When he swings, it looks like someone is sticking needles into that leg."

But Mantle's bad knee goes back to



Art Shay

MICKEY MANTLE
His trouble is high and inside.

1951, and in 1956 he still led the league in batting (.353), home runs (52) and runs batted in (130). In 1957 he hit .365. Both years he was named the league's most valuable player.

"I'll Show You." By general agreement of those who know him best, Mantle's major problem is mental. He has never developed a pro's poise to carry him through inevitable slumps. As a 19-year-old kid out of Commerce, Okla., Mantle was bewildered by the big money and the big publicity that swamped him when he took over the job of Joe DiMaggio in the Yankees' centerfield. Mantle is still a shy, stubborn introvert, who now manages to relax enough among teammates to be judged a wry dugout wit, is respected for playing while injured.

But when Mantle's game goes sour, he turns sullen in self-disgust. Says Cleveland General Manager Frank Lane: "Trouble with Mantle is, he's fighting himself. He'll go zero for three and then look miserable on a fly ball because he's brooding." When Mantle is down, the boos begin to rumble throughout Yankee Stadium even before he steps into the batter's box. Mantle hears every catcall, fools no one when he shrugs: "These people don't know what the hell they're hooing."

"Mantle wants to be so great he can taste it, and it drives him nuts when he isn't," says Jerry Coleman, the fine ex-Yankee second baseman who played with Mantle for seven years, roomed with him for two, and held a front-office job from 1957 to 1960. "Mickey finds the boos terribly hard to take. He becomes defiant and throws bats and flips his helmet and bangs his fist into brick walls and kicks the water cooler. If Mickey strikes out twice, I think he gets so sore at himself and the fans who are on him he almost says, 'All right, I'll show you. I'll strike out a third time.' And the worse things go, the more the fans get on Mickey, tak-

ing out their venom at the Yankees who had won so many years that people are fed up with them."

To make matters worse for Mantle, another factor—totally divorced from baseball—seems to prey on his mind. Mantle's father died of cancer in 1952 at the age of 40. Two uncles died young. Mantle himself has a history of osteomyelitis. Says Coleman, in agreement with others: "I just bet he doesn't think he'll last until he's 50. I was the Yankees' player representative, and I know that whenever pensions were brought up, Mickey would always say, 'Well, you don't have to worry about a pension for me. I won't be around to collect it.' He said it kind of kiddingly, but he meant it, I think."

"I Cling to Hope." For all his troubles, Mantle is still highly respected: wary American League pitchers walk him more than once a game on the average. Says Cleveland's Lane: "I still hate the s.o.b. when he gets up there at the plate. He could bunt .300, he has power to left and right, and he still has a good arm." Still a blur on the base paths despite his knee (he has stolen six bases in six tries this year), Mantle leads the majors in runs scored, with 51. Last week Mantle was red hot, led the Yanks to a four-game sweep of Chicago, their 13th victory in 15 games and a fight with Baltimore for first place.

Even so, Mantle's batting average for the year is .267, and the Yankees have no idea when he will suddenly begin striking out again. "I'm naturally disappointed in Mantle," says Yankee General Manager George Weiss. "He's always been hard to talk to, so it's very difficult to find out what's wrong with him. But I cling to the hope that he'll pull out of it, and I've turned down deals for him with that in mind. Mantles don't come along so often that you want to make a mistake of giving up on them too soon." Weiss has a point, but the real question is not so much when or if the Yankees give up on Mantle, but when or if Mantle catches on to himself.

Scoreboard

¶ Timing his rhythmic swing perfectly, Ted Williams, 41, of the Boston Red Sox drove the ball over the left-centerfield fence in Cleveland for the 500th home run of his 22-year career, now trails only Babe Ruth (714), Jimmy Foxx (534) and Mel Ott (511).

¶ Stung by midseason defeats, Harvard's crew regained some prestige by a seven-length trouncing of Yale in the annual four-mile pull down Connecticut's Thames River, while California beat Navy by a length in the Intercollegiate Rowing Association regatta at Syracuse.

¶ After his talent-loaded San Francisco Giants had lost three straight to the league-leading Pittsburgh Pirates and dropped four games behind, Owner Horace Stoneham fired long-suffering Bill Rigney as manager, brought in Tom Sheehan, 66, chief scout and onetime minor-league manager, with the cold promise that the job was his as long as the Giants won.



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PRINCE TOMMASO CORSINI & "MADONNA"

Behind the Façade

From the days of the Medici, Florence has been a city of treasures that every eye could see. In one direction was a chapel by Michelangelo, in another a dome by Brunelleschi; here was a bronze dorso by Ghilberti, there a statue by Donatello. But these were only a part of Florence's great legacy.

After 20 years of interviewing the city's rich and noble families for *La Nazione Italiana*, Journalist Giorgio Batini, 37, became haunted by the splendor of the private collections that ordinary people were never allowed to see. One day he approached the Contessa Bianca Cavazza, president of the women's committee of the Florentine Red Cross, with a plan. Why not stage a huge public exhibition for the benefit of the Red Cross? The journalist and the contessa started making the rounds, and one by one the Corsini, the Ginori, the Serristori, the Antinori, the Pucci and the rest agreed that for a few days they would do without their precious possessions so long hidden behind the thick grey walls of their *palazzi*.

Last week, in 16 rooms and the art gallery of the Borghese Palace, some 500 of the "Secret Treasures of the Houses of Florence" went on display. It was, said Batini, "Florence behind the façade," and it turned out to be a spilled cornucopia of ancient masterpieces and oddments. There was everything from brilliant primitive paintings to snuff boxes shaped like glass-slippers, 14th century Tuscan ceramics and the red-fringed picnic basket that an 18th century Corsini cardinal once took into the Vatican conclave from which he emerged, basket on arm, as Pope Clement XII. The serristori loaned their

priceless illuminated manuscripts, as well as two elaborately decorated Renaissance trays once used to carry water to noblewomen in labor. A plate bearing the arms of Roberto Strozzi and Maddalena de Medici marked one of the great weddings of the 16th century. A delicately inlaid table had been the gift of Clement VII to his Governor of Bologna, Francesco Guicciardini.

Of all the treasures, those of the landowning Corsini family were the most spectacular. On display was a magnificent triptych by Puccio di Simone and a crucified Christ by Francesco D'Antonio di Bartolomeo. Probably the finest single work in the show was the Corsini *Madonna and Child with Angels*, painted in the 1480s by Filippino Lippi. As far as Prince Tommaso Corsini knows, the *Madonna* has always belonged to his family, but last week, for a while at least, it belonged to all Florence.

Silver Standard

London's auctioneers thought they had seen the ultimate in auctions a year ago when a Rubens brought \$770,000. But there seems no end to the art-market boom, or limits to its surprises. Last week Sotheby's put up for sale a 168-piece silver service that had never been shown outside Berkeley Castle. It is the work of the great French Silversmith Jacques Roettiers, and part of it was probably ordered by the third Earl of Berkeley for the 21st birthday of his son in 1737. Rare and beautiful as it surely is, it fetched a price that astonished even astonishment-proof Sotheby's. After only 2½ minutes of bidding, the gavel went down on the figure offered by Frank Partridge & Sons of London and New York—\$879,000.

Time of the Tapeworm

Exactly how or where it started no one quite knows, but once it got going in the 1890s, it proved as catching as a virus. From Vienna to Chicago, new buildings shot up all curves and curlicues as though seen in a Coney Island mirror. Stairways were twisted into elaborate swirls; paintings and statues became studies in swoops. Today, the style known as *Art Nouveau* seems about as "new" as Grandmother's antimacassar. But as Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art set out to prove last week, in the most comprehensive and ingeniously mounted U.S. exhibit on the subject to date (see color), modern scholars are no longer inclined to laugh it out of court.

It was in May 1897 that the German architect Alexander Koch sounded a theme for the growing style by calling for the "complete integration of all artists, architects, sculptors, painters and technical artists." Just as Wagner had tried to create a "total theater" so there was now to be a total art, embracing every conceivable object. Though Belgium more than any other country led the way, the new style seemed to pop up all over the Western world.

Blake & Botany. Before it got its final name, the French called it *Modernisme*, the Spanish *Modernismo*, the Germans *Jugendstil*. Architect Hector Guimard, who designed Paris' elaborate Metro stations, blandly called it the Guimard Style. To some irreverent critics of the day, it was also the Tapeworm Style. In *Art Nouveau's* orchidaceous world of tendril lines, sweeping forms and bright stained glass, old Japanese woodcuts, the drawings of William Blake and a new fascination with botany all had their influence.

Nothing was safe from it, for art and craftsmanship had been declared equal. Architects designed chinaware and brooches; some painters even gave up their canvases ("Down with these useless objects") to potter around with posters and fancy screens. When Toulouse-Lautrec dined at the home of the Belgian architect Henry van de Velde, he found that the food had been chosen for its color. It was characteristic of the age that Oscar Wilde's Dorian Gray had one favorite novel bound in nine different ways to suit his changing moods.

Elegance & Experiment. In time, what was billed as revolution degenerated into mere ornamentation. By World War I *Art Nouveau* was dead—perhaps the briefest art movement in history. Why then, have scholars begun again to take it seriously? In the new view, it is seen as a genuinely liberating upheaval that gave some of the modern masters their first taste of bold experiment. Some of art's biggest names—Rodin and Ernst Barlach, Bonnard, Edvard Munch, Gauguin and Picasso—were at one time caught up in it. There is another reason for *Art Nouveau's* comeback. Its dippy-doodling fancies may sometimes be gaudy, even ludicrous, but they recall a period that did have a kind of uninhibited elegance.

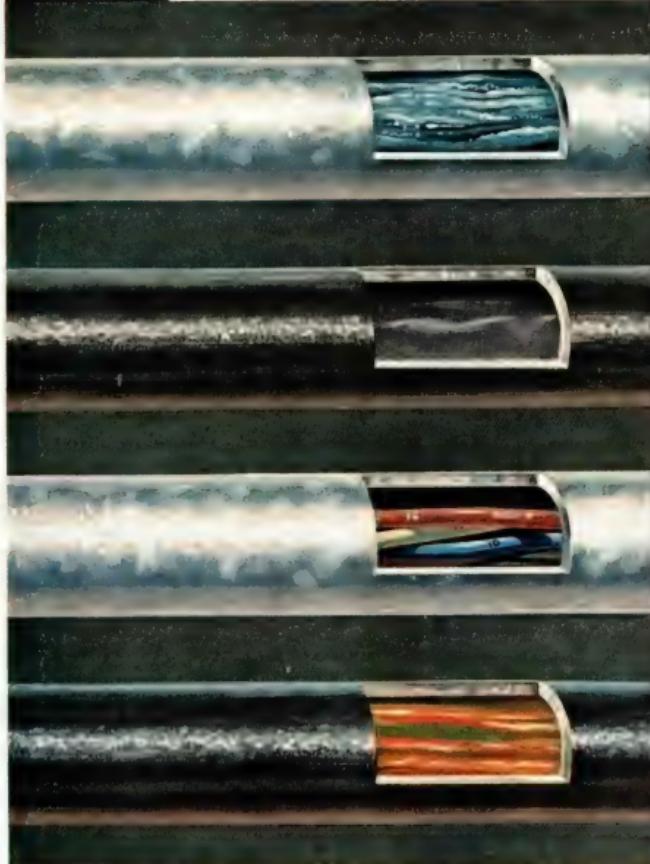


ART. BAUBLE OR HOUSEHOLD UTENSIL—all objects conformed to the ornamental new style. Clockwise from the Tiffany lamp and vase at top: Rodin's *The Siesta*, Wolters' *Head of Medusa*, Mackintosh's fish knife and fork, Hoffmann's brooch, Witwe's vase, Van de Velde's coffee service, and a framed photo of Hector Guimard, designer of elaborate Paris Metro stations.

Medusa, Mackintosh's fish knife and fork, Hoffmann's brooch, Witwe's vase, Van de Velde's coffee service, and a framed photo of Hector Guimard, designer of elaborate Paris Metro stations.



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SHOW BUSINESS

HOLLYWOOD

Policeman, Midwife, Bastard

Director Billy Wilder, fresh off the boat from Europe and without a bean in his pocket, picked up his first salary check in Hollywood by hiring out as a stunt man and jumping into a swimming pool in full fig. Since that day, he has splashed about so energetically in the cinema swim that now he is established beyond question as one of Hollywood's most successful screenwriters, as a director who ranks with George Stevens (*The Diary of Ann Frank*), William Wyler (*Ben-Hur*) and Fred Zinnemann (*A Man's Story*) in the Big Four, and as a witshagger, fathead-shrinker, Sunset Boulevardier and all-

of sharp, watercooler burlesque as it glances at an office Christmas party. But beyond that, unfolding the story of a nice little guy whose bosses use his apartment as launching pad for some fairly sordid affairs, the picture takes on a hard, un-winking look of irony. Again and again, Wilder seems to speak in the accents of one of his favorite cities, prewar Berlin, a tough, sardonic, sometimes wryly sentimental place whose intellectual symbol was Bertolt Brecht. Is Billy trying to say something serious about men and women, heels and heroes? Is he, as a sort of puritanical pander, trying to instruct as he entertains?

Wilder himself backs away from the question with alarm. Says he: "I want to

goes into his work. He sees the worst in everybody, and he sees it funny."

Undivided Fame. For a professed cynic, Wilder was born at an unlikely time and place—the Johann Straussian Vienna of 1906. The son of a well-to-do restaurateur, Billy dodged law school at 19, signed on as a reporter for a Vienna daily. At 20, he was off to Berlin as a movie and drama reviewer. Not long afterward, he fell in love with a dancer and was fired for neglecting his work. Next thing he knew, Billy himself was dancing for his supper as a nightclub gigolo, and writing film scripts on the side. At 27, with 50 screenplays behind him and the German movie industry apparently at his feet Billy, who is Jewish, fled to France to escape the Nazis.

In 1934, he landed in Hollywood with a little money, less English and no job. For



Allen Grant—U.S.A.

BILLY WILDER WITH GLORIA SWANSON (1950). MARILYN MONROE (1954). & SHIRLEY MACLAINE (1960)

All that's left on the cutting-room floor are cigarette butts, gum wrappers and tears.

round character who has achieved notoriety not often rivaled in movieland.

Having made 23 Hollywood pictures, most of them commercial successes, Wilder has been nominated 18 times for Academy Awards and won three, for *Last Weekend* (director and co-author) and *Sunset Boulevard* (co-author). Says he with a snarl: "I was robbed 15 times." But he adds: "I am battling twice as good as Ted Williams ever did."

Nevertheless, in the opinion of many critics, it was only last year, in the magnificent locker-room farce called *Some Like It Hot*, which rang up the biggest gross (\$14 million) ever achieved by a Hollywood comedy, that Wilder revealed himself at his wildest and most wonderful. Last week, with the release of *The Apartment*, which opened in Manhattan to rave reviews ("trenchant" . . . "sardonic" . . . "tumbling with wit" . . . "the most sophisticated movie I have ever seen"), Moviemaker Wilder obviously had another big hit on his hands. He also raised some intriguing questions in the minds of his audience about what, if anything, he is trying to say.

Berlin Accent. *The Apartment* has its moments of sentimentality, even soap opera, when the heroine tries suicide for love of a married man. It has moments

he truthful, but if I have to choose between truth and entertainment, I will always choose entertainment. I have a vast and terrible desire never to bore.

Billy almost never does, on screen or off. Inside a head that makes him look like a benevolent old bullfrog resides a restless imagination, a "flypaper memory" and a wit that ranges from the merry to the mordant. Wilder, not Benchley, was the man who first said: "Wait till I slip out of these wet clothes and into a dry martini." He is also the author of this scathing epigram: "I would worship the ground you walk on if you lived in a better neighborhood."

As a gregarious "coffeehouse guy," he mixes at all levels of the Hollywood social scale—in the Holmby Hills Rat Pack (Frank Sinatra), in the Kosher Rat Pack (Groucho Marx and friends), even in the exclusive A Group (top studio brass and long-established superstars, like Gary Cooper). For all his gregariousness, he can be cruel without reason, successfully plays the domestic tyrant. At dinner one evening, his wife Audrey announced brightly: "Darling, do you realize this is our anniversary?" Replied Wilder: "Please—not while I'm eating." Says playwright George Axelrod: "Billy is essentially, not personally, mean. Most of his meanness

several weeks he lived in an empty ladies' room at the Chateau Marmont ("Just me and six small toilets"), then shared the digs of a Berlin buddy named Peter Lorre. Rent: \$50 a day.

After two punishingly lean years, Wilder at last got a screenwriting job at Paramount. And at the whim of an executive producer, he was teamed with Writer Charles Brackett, one-time drama critic for *The New Yorker*. Suave Charlie Brackett and rough Billy Wilder clicked right away. Wilder spewed Niagara of notions, and in this prodigious stream of consciousness, Brackett fished for usable ideas. Together they wrote 14 films without a single flop, and some of their movies were among the biggest hits (*Ninotchka*, *The Lost Weekend*, *Sunset Boulevard*) of the era. But in 1950 Brackett and Wilder broke up. Says Wilder: "Sometimes a match and the striking surface both wear out, and that's what happened to us," Says Brackett: "Billy had outgrown his divided fame."

Exuberant Vulgarity. On his own, Billy wrote, produced and directed a savage social satire (*Ac in the Hole*) that flopped hard, then came back handily with *Stalag 17*, *Sabrina*, *Seven Year Itch*, *Love in the Afternoon*, *Witness for the Prosecution*. All these films were made from scripts



U.S.A.



Gene Marlowe—U.S.A.

RELIGION

that Billy himself had written—though always in collaboration. "Most of Billy's collaborators," says a friend, "are just \$50,000 secretaries." They sit at a typewriter while Billy strides feverishly up and down, slashing the air with a swagger stick, frothing at the mouth with dialogue and situation. On the set, Wilder is relaxed, ribald but in deadly earnest about his work. He is so sure of what he wants that he wastes an amazingly small amount of film footage. Says Billy: "All that's left on the cutting-room floor when I'm through are cigarette butts, chewing-gum wrappers and tears. A director must be a policeman, a midwife, a psychoanalyst, a seophant and a bastard."

Other Hollywood directors answer that description. What makes Billy Wilder stand out? Two things, says Writer Brackett: "His exuberant vulgarity and his magnificent awareness of the audience. When it comes to guessing audience reaction, Billy is almost never wrong."

Dangerous Ideals. That awareness of audience and story somehow enables him to carry off situations that seem outrageous. Few moviemakers nowadays would dare stake a whole picture, as he did in *Some Like It Hot*, on the comedy to be derived from two muscular men dressing up as girls. Few producers would have permitted themselves, as Billy did in *Sunset Boulevard*, to start a movie with a corpse floating in a swimming pool and then have the corpse himself tell the story. He seems almost to be playing a game with himself to see how close he can come to the edge of questionable taste or implausibility without ever falling over the brink.

What keeps him sure-footed may well be an obsession with the craft of storytelling. One of his favorite games is called "openers" and consists of inventing bizarre movie situations. Quite a few of them reach the screen. One of his most famous openers, eventually used in *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*: a man (Gary Cooper) and a girl (Claudette Colbert) meet at a department store counter because she tries to buy only the pants of a pair of pajamas and he only the top. One of Wilder's current and so far unused openers: the Russians kidnap a famous American actress, who might be Marilyn Monroe, in West Berlin; they take her away to brainwash her, but she beats them because she has no brain to wash. Another: a high-ranking Communist defects to the West, leaving his wife and three children behind in Russia. When they are liquidated, he goes back: he was not a defector at all, but merely wanted to get rid of his family.

Many of Wilder's fans think that he is capable of being far more than an entertainer, that he could turn into a Brecht of the cinema. But if Billy did that, he might find himself playing the lead role in a terrifying "opener": big director wins fame and fortune by making solidly entertaining movies, suddenly gets ideals and loses everything on one big flop, winds up living in the ladies' room in the Chateau Marmont.

Monks in Concrete

In the low hills near the French town of Ezeux, 15 miles from Lyon, workmen were busy last week putting the finishing touches to what a Paris paper called one of "the celebrated ruins of the 20th century." It is a Dominican monastery—Couvent Sainte Marie de la Tourette. But it is like no monastery ever built before. Its architect: France's famed Le Corbusier.

"Corbu" began "sniffing out the site," as he puts it, in 1953. He chose a slope to back his monastery against, propped on pillars. Then he listened and took notes while the late Dominican patron of the arts, Pére Couturier, explained the procedures and problems of the Dominican discipline ("Here we walk in double file, Here we prostrate ourselves"). For three years Corbusier and his associates worked over the plans. The result is a rugged interplay of concrete masses and angles—a top example of the architectural style that is sometimes referred to as "the new brutalism."

The roof of the monastery is a terrace, seeded with grass and surrounded by a high parapet so that those on the terrace cannot see the ground below but must look out toward the horizon. At first Corbusier planned to make this the cloister, where the monks walk and meditate, but abandoned the idea because "it would be so beautiful that the monks would use it for an escape, which might prove perilous to their religious life." But he urged the Dominicans to "go up there from time to time. Let them allow you to go up as a reward for those who have been good boys." Presumably to make it more rewarding, he has made the doors leading onto the roof exceptionally narrow.

The two top floors consist of 100 cells in a double row of matchboxes—one to a monk. Each is a narrow, barely furnished room of white granular cement applied with a high-pressure hose; each is 7 ft. 5 in. high (Corbusier's standard human measure—the height of a man with his arms raised); each has its own balcony, separated from its neighbor by solid concrete partitions. Monks reach their cells from the lower floors by means of a corridor with walls that grow increasingly somber as the men approach their devotional solitude.

But in the communal rooms below—refectory, library, oratory and classrooms—Corbusier's creative fancies take over in a profusion of pyramids, cubes and parallelepipeds, doors in solid primary colors against the white concrete walls. Water pipes (painted bright blue) and electrical conduits are everywhere exposed. The building's insides, says Corbu, are nothing to be ashamed of.

In the pyramid-topped oratory, the church and its curvilinear chapel (which Corbusier calls "the rock" and the monks, despite his protests, call "the ear"), there are no statues. "There will be no distraction from images," Corbu told the monks. "If you want to be good fellows and show some friendship for your poor devil of an architect, you can do it by formally refusing every gift of stained glass, or images, or statues, which kill everything."

Male & Female Theology

Modern theology should be labeled **FOR MEN ONLY**, according to one woman who has made a study of the subject. In the current issue of the quarterly *Journal of Religion*, Valerie Saiving Goldstein, 39, instructor in religion at Hobart and Wil-



LE CORBUSIER'S CONVENT
Beauty might be a peril.

James M. Marshall



FEMINIST GOLDFSTEIN
Self-love might be a virtue.

liam Smith college in Geneva, N.Y., lodges a feminine complaint against contemporary theologians: they are making the mistake of assuming that a thinking man's theology is equally good for a thinking woman.

Feminine Sin. Teacher Goldstein was trained, at Bates College and the University of Chicago, in psychology as well as in theology; plans to teach a course in the fall on religion and psychology. In her argument, she bases her criticism of contemporary theology in large part on psychological observations. Her starting point: little girls learn that they will grow up—just by waiting—to be women. Boys, on the other hand, learn that to be men they must do something about it. Mere waiting is not enough; to be a man, a boy must prove himself and go on proving himself. Even the process of reproduction casts women in a relatively passive role, while it is something the male must make happen or else face failure. "The man's sense of his own masculinity," writes Author Goldstein "is throughout characterized by uncertainty, challenge, and the feeling that he must again and again prove himself a man." The result, as she sees it: men are more anxious than women.

This sociological-psychological fact, thinks Teacher Goldstein, a nondenominational Protestant, has profound theological results. Insecure and anxious like most men, theologians (there has never been a woman theologian of note) tend to equate the restless self-concern that results from this state with sin, and to extol the opposite (feminine) qualities of quiet, self-surrendering passivity. Such theologians as Paul Tillich, Reinhold Niebuhr, Sweden's Anders Nygren and Israel's Martin Buber see man as estranged from himself and from God and filled with anxiety because of his estrangement; that anxiety, in their view, results in

sins of "pride, will-to-power, exploitation, self-assertiveness, and the treatment of others as objects rather than persons . . . It is clear that such an analysis of man's dilemma was profoundly responsive and relevant to the concrete facts of modern man's existence.

But not necessarily woman's. Experiencing more security and less anxiety than men, women find it easier "to enter into loving relationships in which self-concern is at a minimum." Instead of masculine pride and will to power, women have their own "specifically feminine forms of sin . . . outgrowths of the basic feminine character structure" and "suggested by such items as triviality, distractibility, and diffuseness; lack of an organizing center or focus; dependence on others for one's own self-definition; tolerance at the expense of standards of excellence; inability to respect the boundaries of privacy; sentimentality, gossipy sociability, and mistrust of reason—in short, underdevelopment or negation of self."

Feminine Society. While "the specifically feminine dilemma is, in fact, precisely the opposite of the masculine," says Teacher Goldstein, and while women are beginning for the first time in history to find the time and education to make their way toward the more active, less biological levels of life, they are being told by masculine theologians that the desire for more self-awareness and more power in the affairs of the world is sinful. "If such a woman believes the theologians, she will try to strangle those impulses in herself. She will believe that, having chosen marriage and children and thus being face to face with the needs of her family for love, refreshment and forgiveness, she has no right to ask anything for herself but must submit without qualification to the strictly feminine role."

The problem, says Teacher Goldstein, is important for men as well as women, because society as a whole is growing more and more feminine. If the 19th century U.S. was a masculine society of private enterprisers and empire builders—egoists to whom opportunism and ordinary behavior were no sin—the modern U.S. rates team-work and sociability high virtues. It is a world in which the individual is expected to play a relatively more passive role within the group.

Dr. Goldstein feels that theologians are not taking sufficient account of this sociological fact, that they are still attacking an old-fashioned, masculine form of sin, instead of redefining their "categories of sin and redemption" to meet the new situation. "For a feminine society will have its own special potentialities for good and evil, to which a theology based solely on masculine experience may well be irrelevant." She offers no specific suggestions for a female theology of the future, but perhaps what lies ahead is a theology of enlightened self-esteem emphasizing the final words of Christ's commandment: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

"Who
does he
think
HE is?"



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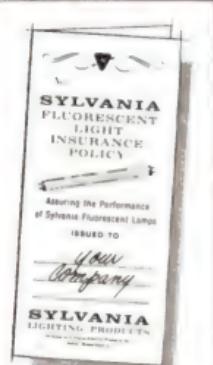
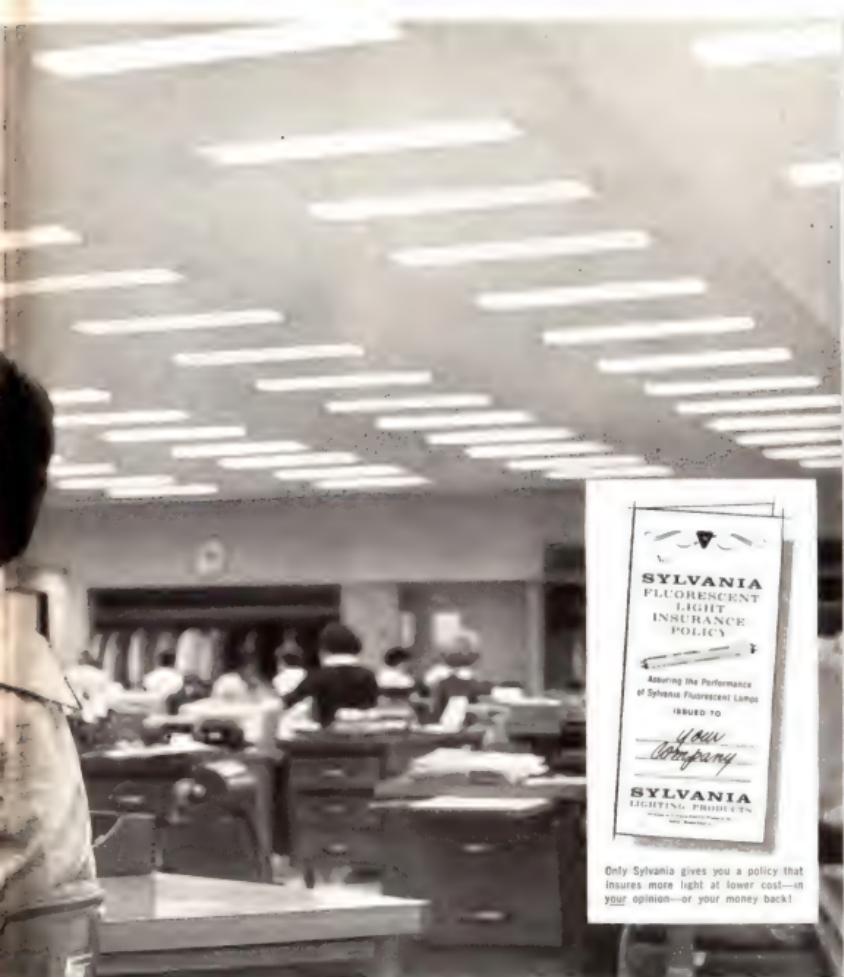
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BUSINESS

MODERN LIVING

Consumer's Choice

"Courage!" we said to ourselves when we had finished thinking up this one," said New York's B. Altman & Co. department store in an ad last week as it put on sale the first short-sleeved suit for men. Altman's hoped that the out-at-the-elbows look might fit in the trend toward cooler, lighter, more comfortable men's wear. It was a long reach. But like manufacturers and retailers all over the U.S., Altman's was taking no chances on passing up whatever the big-spending U.S. consumer might want. Anticipating his whims and angling for his taste were new trends running all the way from cars to corsets.

Detroit, which had been taught a costly lesson by the demand of the consumer for the economical compact car was hustling to put out all kinds of new models, including king-sized compacts for next year. The sweeping changes promised to establish a new trend for all cars (*see below*), bring the timely death of what American Motors' George Romney calls the "gas-guzzling dinosaurs."

Reconstituted Food. The trend for simplicity and economy—with style—is also evident in women's clothes. The U.S. Labor Department reports that by last year eight out of ten new workers joining the labor force were women. Result: women have more money of their own to spend, and fashionmakers' fall lines re-

flect this. To provide for the growing mass market, the garment trade hopes to concentrate on fewer styles, and counts on mass production to hold prices down. There will be more of the basic models—nubby coats, colorful wool knits and fur-trimmed garments. Dresses are being made with jackets for double duty, the jacket removable for evening. Corset and other foundation-garment makers have cut the number of styles by a third, yet have managed to bring out a new assortment suitable even for bikini wearers. In June bridal gowns, the train that so often required the help of small brothers has been replaced by a no-nonsense, efficiency ballerina skirt. Plugging a new trend, a fresh series of dresses will be labeled "junior petite," aimed at the teen-ager.

Simplicity also shows up in the scramble for self-service, and the labor-saving device. In Manhattan, Macy's last week introduced a Universal Match Corp. vending machine that dispenses men's T shirts and shorts in various sizes, makes change not only from coins but from currency up to \$5. Bellringers Restaurant in suburban Chicago, which once served only cold dishes and fried items, recently added twelve meat dishes, 20 casseroles and five hot sandwiches to its menu—without adding a kitchen. The secret: precooked foods warmed in an electronic oven, similar to airplane meals. On the Indiana turnpike, Interstate Hosts' chain of 16 restaurants serves \$4,000,000 worth of such meals a year. Boasts Regional Manager F. D. Gibbons in the horrible jargon of his trade: "We don't have cooks in our restaurants—just people who reconstitute food."

Without Reservation. The airline business, which now takes 19 people to provide for one passenger, is seeking economies too. Scandinavian Airlines predicted

last week that before long an air traveler will be able to buy a simple ticket good any time on any airline without advance reservations. SAS Vice President Warren Kraemer also suggested that in time the airlines will serve hot food to all classes of passengers (it is often cheaper than elaborate cold cuts), and that distinctions between first and economy classes may disappear. Kraemer suggests that businessmen who usually travel first-class for status reasons should be encouraged by their firms to buy economy tickets, and with the money saved, and a little added, take their wives or another business associate along on economy prices. The firm would be ahead, he says.

1961-Model Preview

The big shift of U.S. car buyers to compacts—which last week accounted for 27.9% of auto sales—has forced Detroit to completely redesign its 1961 new-model plans. The result will be a major series of body-styling and engine changes to meet the public's demand for economy in size and performance. Not only will there be more—and bigger—compacts, but standard-size cars will come smaller.

The big Ford will be cut in overall length, while trimming its standard cars, and increasing the horsepower in its bigger-sized compact Comet. Ford is also heading into even smaller areas. It plans to build a four-cylinder, five-passenger car smaller than the Falcon to compete in the Volkswagen and Renault class, selling for under \$1,700. To get the price down, Ford plans to make the car in Germany, may not have it out until 1962.



SHORT-SLEEVED SUIT
Out at the elbows.



MACY'S UNIVERSAL MATCH MERCHANTISER



1960 BRIDAL GOWN
Up at the hem.





Motor Trend - UPI

SKETCH OF FORD'S FOUR-CYLINDER CAR
Small get bigger, big get smaller.

Pontiacs, though still wide-tracked, will also be shortened. Even Cadillac will nip inches off the length of most models. The functional lines of the compacts will be reflected in big-car styling, although Cadillac will stick with its fins. The new look will feature rolled edges and soft curves, with the trend away from bigness and sharp-flaring, winglike fenders. The public is expected to be pleased—but the industry also has its own economy in mind. Detroit makes less profit on the compacts than on standard-size cars, and sells fewer additional gadgets on them. By reducing the big cars in size, and using fewer materials in them, Detroit hopes to add to its profits.

Out with the Hump. The newest car in 1961 will be Pontiac's four-cylinder compact, the Tempest. The first four-cylinder engine in a G.M. car in 30 years, the new water-cooled engine will generate 130 h.p. It will be mounted at a 45° angle to provide the Tempest with a low hood line. The Tempest will be similar to the Corvair in styling, but will be five to ten inches longer. The Tempest will also feature a trans-axle, a drive-shaft system that has the engine up front but the transmission and differential in the rear. This eliminates the hump in the front and the back floors, gives the car better balance by more evenly distributing weight between the front and the rear.

GENERAL MOTORS' two other new compacts, the Oldsmobile F-85 and the Buick Special, will be scaled-down versions of their big-car brothers, but bigger and more powerful than the Corvair. Unlike the Corvair, their engines will be up front. For the two cars, G.M. has developed a new eight-cylinder, 145-h.p. water-cooled, part-aluminum engine.

AMERICAN MOTORS will bring out a Rambler with an engine having an aluminum block for its bestselling model, the 108-in. Rambler. The new block is

50% lighter than a conventional cast-iron block, and by cutting down weight is expected to improve gas mileage. American Motors also has a new muffler, which it says will not have to be replaced, as in most present cars. Coated with ceramic, it should last for 90,000 miles of driving, says American Motors.

CHRYSLER's new Lancer compact will be a bigger (190 in. long) brother of the Valiant, will use the same six-cylinder, inclined (30° angle) engine as the Valiant. This engine has been so successful that Chrysler will use it on all Valiants, Darts and Plymouths next year. The big Plymouth will undergo major styling changes.

In with the Sixes. Like the compact impact, which caught Detroit by surprise, there has been an unexpected public shift to six-cylinder engines. A few years ago the V-8 engine seemed to be driving the six out of business, and at one point Dodge even planned to drop the six entirely by 1959. But the demand for sixes is so great this year that Ford is importing engines from Canada. Among Ford customers this year, 40% have ordered six-cylinder engines v. only 23% last year. Chrysler's six-cylinder engine plants are working on a 24-hour, seven-day-a-week shift, and demand is so great that production is being allocated. Of the 1,100,000 cars Chrysler expects to build this year, 700,000 will have six-cylinder engines. Chevrolet buyers also prefer six-cylinder engines, with 51.6% asking for them this year v. 43.8% last year. Rambler has also boosted production of six-cylinder engines, from 89,257 in 1959 to 92,657.

On their new economy kick, automakers are counting heavily on the development of an all-aluminum engine. Though aluminum engines dissipate heat more slowly

than cast-iron, and are more difficult to machine, they have a great advantage in weight, which is one way to get a lighter car frame, lower shipping costs, a faster pickup and better mileage.

STATE OF BUSINESS

Show of Strength

U.S. industrial production, which had slipped slightly for three months, has turned up again, the Federal Reserve Board reported last week. Its index moved up one point in May, and now stands at 110 (on a 1957 base of 100). The new figures were a firm show of strength by the U.S. economy, since the rise took place despite heavy cutbacks in steel production that dropped the index figures for iron and steel 25% below January. Steel's drop was more than offset by gains in almost every other category in the index, including durable goods, which have been lagging a long time. Last week steel also was coming back, if only slightly—to 62.3% of capacity.

Personal income increased in May by \$1.6 billion to an annual rate of \$399.4 billion. Largely because of steel's troubles, wages and salaries in the primary-metals industries dropped by about \$500 million in May, but gains in other fields supplied plenty of consumer purchasing power. Department store sales in the last week reported were 2% above last year, and autos continued their sales upsurge (see above). For all manufacturing, wages and salaries rose \$300 million in May to a rate of \$89 billion.

The most disappointing characteristic of the economy was the lack of a strong spring housing upturn. But such weak spots have failed to check the slow general expansion of the economy. Commented Dr. Marcus Nadler, consulting econo-

TIME CLOCK

AIR FARE HIKE was granted to twelve domestic and trunk lines. Increase effective July 1, will come in form of additional 2½% charge on each ticket plus \$1 for each one-way ticket. New fares will raise revenues by about \$84 million annually.

ZECKENDORF HOTELS will discontinue their 130,000-credit-card system in favor of American Express card. Reason: it is cheaper for hotels to pay American Express a 3% billing charge than to run their own system.

W. GERMAN UNEMPLOYMENT has dropped to an all-time low, with 500,000 jobs open and only 153,000 unemployed to fill them. Economic boom is so great that rumors of an upward revaluation of the mark are circulating, but West German government and Federal Bank deny them.

N.Y.'S AMERICANA HOTEL will be built by Loew's Theaters Inc., on site of demolished theater, as Loew's first major diversification effort since Hotelmen Laurence and Preston Tisch

(Tisch Hotels Inc.) bought stock control last year. New 21-story, 800-room hotel is scheduled for fall of 1961, will be New York City's first major new hotel in 29 years.

NEW AUTO-INSURANCE plan will be offered by State Farm Mutual subsidiary to drivers under age 25 and over age 65 at rates comparable to regular auto insurance, instead of at premium prices.

LIPSTICK COLOR BAN proposed by Food & Drug Administration forbids use of 14 red, yellow and orange lipstick coal-tar coloring products that proved poisonous to animals in laboratory tests. Manufacturers will challenge the ban.

INSTALLMENT LOANS for Europeans will be offered by Baltimore's Commercial Credit Co., second biggest sales finance company in U.S. (first: C.I.T. Financial Corp.). Commercial Credit will be first U.S. credit firm in Europe, operate through established European companies.

PROFITS FROM IMPORTS

Business Goes Abroad to Sell in the U.S.

THE rising challenge of bargain-priced foreign imports has sparked a profound—and controversial—change in the strategy of many U.S. businesses. To meet the competition, hundreds of U.S. firms are going abroad to manufacture or buy products to sell in U.S. markets. Already U.S. firms import or manufacture overseas an estimated \$1 billion worth of products each year for U.S. customers—and the trend is growing fast.

The shift overseas has raised a storm of protest at home. Some businesses use it as an argument for higher tariffs; Chambers of Commerce often consider it downright "disloyal"; unions complain that it "exports" U.S. jobs, cuts employment. David Dubinsky, president of the International Ladies Garment Workers, says: "Expansion is legitimate, but expansion at the expense of American workers is illegitimate."

Few firms go abroad with the prime intention of making products for the U.S. market. They usually begin by buying cheaper components abroad to put into U.S.-made products, or by setting up plants overseas to compete better in growing world markets. Once overseas, an increasing number of firms, undercut at home by foreign imports, find their cheaper, foreign-made goods just the thing to fight competition in U.S. markets. Royal McBee set up a typewriter plant in Holland in 1953 as part of its world marketing program, but heavy competition in the U.S. from foreign-made, lightweight typewriters forced it to begin shipping a similar, Dutch-made model into the U.S.

Chief reason for manufacturing abroad is low foreign wages, which some manufacturers find are 25¢ an hour in Japan, 60¢ in Germany, \$2.25 in the U.S. International Harvester, which imports its small diesel tractors from a British subsidiary, sells them for \$2,800, compared with an estimated \$3,400 they would cost if made in the U.S. Hamilton Watch bought a factory in Switzerland last year, now makes its lowest-priced watch there.

There are other reasons besides wages for going abroad. The International Telephone & Telegraph Corp., which announced last week that it may soon resume sales of foreign-made consumer equipment (radios, appliances, etc.) in the U.S., is already bringing in automatic post-office equipment made by its Belgian and German subsidiaries. Reason: I.T. & T. says that the equipment is technically superior to any available in the U.S. Manhattan's Lafayette Brass Manufacturing

Co., producing overseas since 1953 for the U.S. market, has found cheaper tool costs abroad enable it to change designs more frequently than in the U.S., keep its products up to the minute. Other firms set up abroad to be near raw materials.

Moving overseas is not always easy. Many countries, such as Brazil and Peru, have tough labor laws that make it almost impossible to fire an incompetent worker, and others exercise strict control over investment. In some countries the problem is payola for government licenses, etc. Blueprint standards have to be changed, laws and languages learned.

For many U.S. firms the move is almost a matter of survival. Singer Manufacturing Co. is the only major U.S. manufacturer left in the household sewing-machine industry, where cheaper Japanese and European imports have captured 65% of the U.S. market. Part of Singer's secret of survival: it makes its two lower-priced models at its factory in Scotland.

Nevertheless, firms that go overseas often fear U.S. public reaction, often market foreign-made products under their own U.S. labels and play down their overseas operations. Some businessmen make no secret about their foreign imports, vigorously defend the practice, argue that it can make jobs for U.S. workers rather than take them away. Says President Ray Eppert of Detroit's Burroughs Corp., which shifted its entire output of calculators from Detroit to Scotland: "As additional products are transferred abroad on a competitive basis, we will be able to produce new products here. We will import from foreign subsidiaries, thus protecting the American market, and export to them products involving the new technology. The net result will be to continue to create additional jobs both here and there." Since 1950, Burroughs has hiked the number of its jobs overseas from 1,923 to 7,244, and its U.S. jobs from 11,937 to 29,164.

Eppert, like other free traders, realizes that higher U.S. tariffs would only isolate U.S. business from expanding foreign markets and leave it fenced into the U.S. market. They argue that the move overseas is one of the new and unavoidable facets of a growing free-trade world market—and that the trend is bound to continue. To keep the shift abroad in proper balance—so that customer, company and labor all profit by it—the U.S. needs to employ aggressive salesmanship, product development and efficiency that will make more and more U.S. products attractive to overseas buyers.

mist of the Hanover Bank of Manhattan: "The forces indicating a further expansion are more numerous than those pointing to a contraction."

RAILROADS

Power Play

A major power struggle to merge the nation's Eastern railroads into two massive networks built around the Pennsylvania and the New York Central broke into the open last week. Forcing the fight was the announcement that directors of the Norfolk & Western Railway and the Nickel Plate Railroad had agreed to merge. Since the Pennsylvania Railroad owns about 33% of the Norfolk & Western, railroaders saw the move as a step toward a giant Pennsy network.

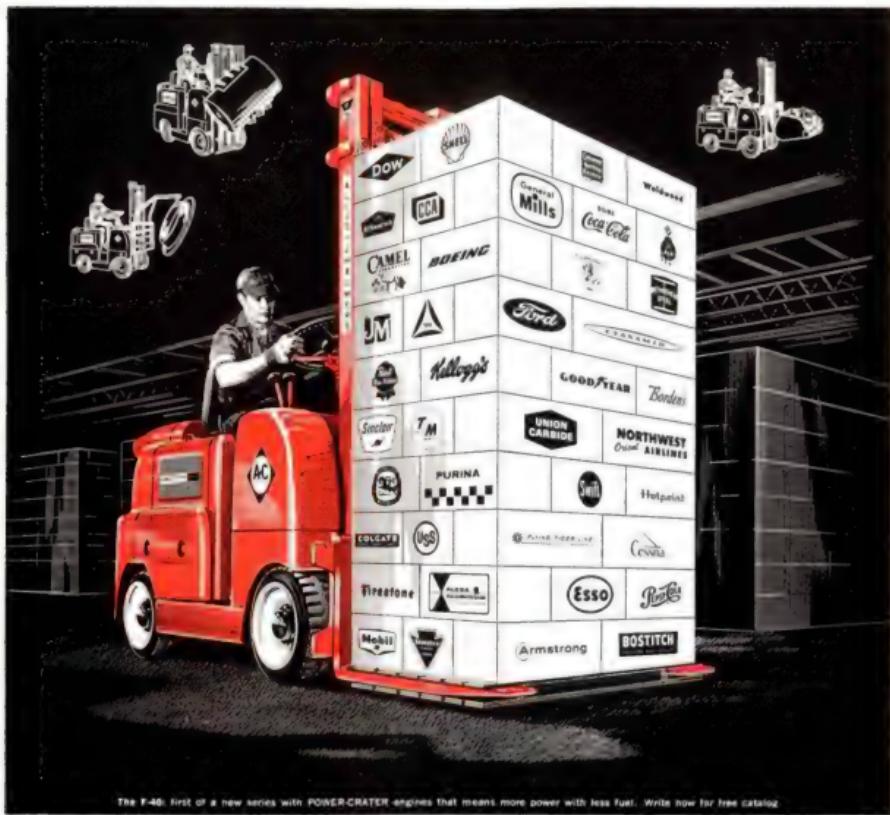
The merger alarmed the New York Central, which wanted a three-way merger with the Chesapeake & Ohio and the Baltimore & Ohio (TIME, May 30). But the C. & O. wanted to go it alone, offered to buy B. & O. stock as the first step toward merger. Last week, as the C. & O. mailed its offer to B. & O. stockholders, New York Central President Alfred Perlman jumped into action. He appealed to the Interstate Commerce Commission to conduct a study to establish new ground rules for Eastern rail mergers, hoping thus to block the other roads' moves until he can strengthen his own position. He also said he wants to make an offer to B. & O. stockholders for 50% of the road's stock.

Better Offer? Central directors will meet this week to decide on the deal and what price they will pay. They will have to hustle. The C. & O. has already hired Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith to solicit B. & O. stockholders to accept its offer. The C. & O. will exchange one share of its common (worth about \$63) for each 1.5 shares of B. & O. common or each share of B. & O. preferred. Perlman said his road is in a position "to make a better offer."

With some 20% to 30% of the B. & O. stock said to be held by Swiss banking interests, and the better growth possibilities of the Central, Wall Street believes that it will be hard for the C. & O. to acquire the 80% it needs for a tax-free stock trade. It would be especially difficult if the Central board goes along with Perlman's view that about 10% of the B. & O. stock should be bought by interests friendly to the Central. Perlman says all he wants is an equal interest with the C. & O. in the B. & O., as a prelude to a three-way merger.

But Perlman may have a hard time getting the C. & O. to accept him. In its application to the ICC to merge with the B. & O., the C. & O. said that "inclusion of any additional Eastern railroad in this two-way affiliation would destroy this constructive movement at this time." One C. & O. objection: has a long-term debt of \$393 million and makes fat and steady profits, while the Central has a debt of \$976 million and has a spotty earnings record. A merger of the C. & O., the nation's biggest soft-coal carrier, and the

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B. & O. would displace the Central from a strong position in the East and would create the nation's second largest railroad, with more than 11,000 miles of track and assets of \$2.3 billion, ranking only below the Pennsy.

Tough Competition. Merger of the Nickel Plate and the Norfolk & Western would give the N. & W. access to the Great Lakes, and create a network stretching from St. Louis, Chicago, Cleveland and Buffalo to the Pocahontas coal region of the Virginias. The merged roads would rank among the nation's top ten, have a 4,964-mile network with assets of \$1.4 billion. Under the terms of the merger agreement, one share of Nickel Plate common would be exchanged for .45 of a share

AVIATION

The Creeping Sickness

The strange wave of "sickness" among pilots that has forced Eastern Air Lines to cancel 10% of its flights was spreading to other lines last week. At a meeting in a motel across from New York's Idlewild International Airport, Eastern Air Lines pilots asked Pan American and TWA pilots to develop sympathetic symptoms that would keep them from flying planes too. By week's end, Pan American was forced to cancel flights as more than 100 pilots called in to say they were ill. When Pan American flight supervisors telephoned reserve crews, they got a standard answer: "Sorry, I just took a drink, and

and Pan American got a restraining order from a federal district court in Chicago requiring pilots to comply with the FAA order. But the pilots were not happy. Growled one captain to an FAA inspector: "I don't want you here at all, but we're under a court order, so sit down."

The Strategy: Harassment. Sayen's strategy is to keep the airlines in turmoil until the public becomes angry and starts to blame Pete Quesada. Sayen figures that the public will side with the pilots rather than a Government agency. The trouble with this reasoning is that 1) the pilots lost much public support by their strike at Christmas against American, the nation's biggest airline (TIME, Jan. 5, 1959), and 2) Quesada is only bearing down on the pilots to eliminate carelessness, make flying safer. Sayen has also laid down this week a strike deadline against National Airlines, and is ready to strike Northwest Airlines over wages.

To try to clip Quesada's power, Sayen has persuaded California Democratic Senator Clair Engle and Mississippi Democratic Representative John Bell Williams to introduce identical bills in the Senate and House. They would give the Civil Aeronautics Board the right to review all the FAA rulings, in effect making the FAA as slow and cumbersome as the CAB. The bills also call for public hearings before the FAA can suspend a pilot's license. Cries Sayen: "The law which concentrates such power in one man that he can, by hastily conceived, dictatorial unnecessary and arbitrary actions, provoke such chaos while attempting to pass it off under the guise of safety should be changed."

But top airline officials feel that Quesada's firm hand has helped make U.S. aviation smoother and better-run. Says Eastern Air Lines President Malcolm MacIntyre: "A.L.P.A. used to be one of the loudest complainers about not being able to get decisions under the old setup. Now it wants FAA decisions to be subject to CAB review. That's a sure way to get no decisions at all."

In Chicago this week Federal Judge Julius Miner has ordered Sayen to explain why such a basically healthy group as the pilots should suddenly suffer so many illnesses. He advised Sayen to be armed with medical affidavits to back up his case.



Bill Minner

FAA INSPECTOR IN THIRD PILOT'S SEAT ABOARD A BOEING 707
The U.S. was interested in safety; the pilots were interested in jobs.

of Norfolk & Western. Since the two lines do not now link, the merger is contingent upon their obtaining an agreement from the Pennsy to connect over a 111-mile link in Ohio.

A future Pennsy acquisition of the merged roads would be an obvious move to strengthen the Pennsy empire in the midst of the territory of the Central, the C. & O. and the B. & O. It would give the Pennsy such a huge advantage that the Central would find it hard to compete.

The Great Northern Railway and Northern Pacific Railway—which cross the continent from Seattle to St. Paul on almost parallel routes—last week announced that they are close to a firm agreement to merge. A combination of the two roads, bitter rivals in the days of the empire builders, would produce a system with 17,402 miles of track, the longest in the U.S. The two roads' revenue last year amounted to \$778 million, second only to the Pennsylvanias. Included in the merger would be the railroads controlled by the two lines: the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy (1959 revenues: \$363 million), the Spokane, Portland & Seattle Railway, the Colorado & Southern, and the Fort Worth & Denver.

legally am not allowed to fly for 24 hours." TWA pilots are expected to become ill this week.

Collision Course. The spreading sickness has brought on a showdown in the bitter feud between Clarence N. Sayen, boss of the gold-plated Air Line Pilots Association and Federal Aviation Agency Chief Elwood ("Pete") Quesada (TIME, June 20). What sparked the showdown is a dispute over where the FAA inspectors sit in the new jetliners. Quesada says they must have the forward observer's seat (across from the flight engineer's seat) so that they can see if the pilot is obeying FAA rules. But Sayen maintains that that seat is reserved for the third pilot, issued an A.L.P.A. order that no pilot should fly with an FAA inspector in that seat. Sayen fears that if a pilot does not sit in the seat, the airlines, which put on a third pilot after a strike 18 months ago, have a strong argument for saying that he is not really necessary, a view that FAA supports.

When Eastern Air Lines pilots obeyed the union order, Eastern went into a federal court and won a temporary restraining order. The pilots got around it by staying away from work on the grounds of "sickness." TWA, American Airlines

PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

¶ Walter Hoving, 62, quit as president and chairman-designate of Manhattan-headquartered, high-fashion Bonwit Teller, also resigned as president of the Hoving Corp., a holding company that controls 50% of Tiffany's but is in turn held by the giant (1959 sales: \$276 million) Genesco, Inc. Taking over as president at Bonwit Teller is Edgar Wherry, 54, now vice president of J. W. Robinson, a Los Angeles department store chain, and long-time merchandise manager at Manhattan's Lord & Taylor. Reason for Hoving's move: he hopes to buy Tiffany's from Genesco and put the old (123 years) firm on a

paperwork and the big picture



One way to look at the big picture at Admiral Corporation is from a comfortable chair in front of the new Admiral development, 23 inch TV. The other view is from management's chair.

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more profitable basis, while holding on to its high reputation.

¶ Marshall S. Lachner, 46, resigned as president and chief executive officer of B. T. Babbitt, Inc., a leading maker of household cleaning products. He switched from beer to Babbitt 10 months ago, after squabbling forced him out of Pabst. "We have no pride," he announced. "We'll do anything that's legal to make a profit." He ran gimmicky promotions, even gave away subway tokens for Babbitt-O coupons. For a while Babbitt cleaned up, earned 42¢ per share in 1958 (vs. 31¢ per share loss the year before), but last year it was back in the red, lost \$1.33 per share on sales of \$2.3 million. Lachner left Babbitt for a senior vice-presidency at Revlon where his hard-driving style should fit in with the scenery. Until a new boss can be found at Babbitt, Alfred I. Schimpf, the board chairman, will serve as chief executive officer. In line for the top job: new President Michael P. Frawley, 55, who moved up from executive vice president.

¶ George Lane Cobb, 49, resigned as president and chief executive officer of S. H. Kress & Co., the sixth largest U.S. variety-store chain (1959 sales, \$144,422,000). He was brought to Kress two years ago after the top management resigned to avert a proxy fight. Trustees of the Kress Foundation, which holds 42% of the stock had balked at the lagging company's conservative policies. Cobb expanded into new merchandise, but he failed to stop the sales slide, which has continued every year but one since 1952. For the first five months of 1960, sales fell off 5.6%, and the directors cut the quarterly dividend from 50¢ to 25¢. At the annual meeting in May, Cobb came under heavy fire from irate stockholders, finally confessed: "We made mistakes, some glaring. Our mistakes were made in an aggressive way, in an attempt to do too much too fast." Now acting as president is Board Vice Chairman Thomas W. MacLeod.

¶ Bruce M. Jeffris, president of Parker Pen Co. (1959 sales, \$8 million), took over as chief executive officer as Board Chairman Kenneth Parker, 65, retired. Jeffris, 64, is the first chief executive outside the Parker family, but he is not expected to hold the distinction for long. Harvard-educated Daniel Parker, 35, grandson of the firm's founder, is now executive vice president, only a step away from the presidency.

CORPORATIONS

Man Tanned

Each week on TV the miracle happened live. Regimen "volunteers" (sample pay: \$5,000) weighed in to let viewers check on their weight loss "without special dieting." Predictably, they had lost—and Regimen sales soared, despite an FTC warning two years ago that "those taking [Regimen] cannot lose weight without dieting," and the seizure last November by New York County District Attorney Frank Hogan of Regimen ads and financial records.

Last week a New York grand jury



Tommy Weber

MEDICINE MAN ANDRE
Getting fat without diet.

brought in a 134-count information for false advertising and conspiracy against Regimen's manufacturer. 48-year-old Mail-Order Medicine Man John Andre (real name: John Andreadis). Also cited was Regimen's advertising agency, Kastor, Hilton, Chesley, Clifford & Atherton, Inc. District Attorney Hogan charged that unknown to the public four of the TV performers were on rigid diets, that many took dehydration drugs and medical treatments to lose weight quickly, and that at least one required treatment for malnutrition at the end of the course.

Regimen's Andre is currently riding the crest of another new fad of his own creation, Man-Tan, a colorless lotion costing \$3 for a four-ounce bottle that by means of a chemical reaction on skin changes the color to a yellow or a reddish brown, withstands repeated washing. Andre worked for years on a Man-Tan formula, writing herbi gardens all over the world for ideas. He claims he finally found the answer in a 1920 medical journal describing experiments with dihydroxyacetone, a chemical that doctors once used in the treatment of diabetes. The article noted that patients who swallowed dihydroxyacetone developed stained teeth. So Andre tried the chemical, and Man-Tan was the result. So successful has it proved (6,000,000 bottles sold in six months, worth \$20 million retail) that it has spawned a host of cosmetic competitors: Tan-O-Rama, Magic Tan, Tanfantastic, Tansation and Q.T.

But until now Regimen has been Andre's breadwinner, and seems likely to continue so for a while, since the current charge applies only to advertising in New York County. A ten-day supply of the pills costs, said Hogan, about 18¢ to produce, sells for \$1. In the first ten months of last year, \$8,000,000 worth of Regimen was sold and, after advertising and operating costs, Andre's company cleared \$2,000,000—a 25% profit.



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The scene: Edwards Air Force Base, Calif. Crack engineers work 'round the clock to ready the X-15 for its flight to the brink of outer space. Its engine, built by Thiokol in Denville, New Jersey, packs a 400,000 HP punch—more than the power of two giant ocean liners! Because of an accelerated assembly schedule, some parts—like this turbine pump control—are installed right on the flight line. They must be shipped fast, with kid-glove handling. In short, a job for low-cost AIR EXPRESS. Give your business these advantages, too. Call AIR EXPRESS to speed your products FIRST TO MARKET . . . FIRST TO SELL.

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SYSTEM DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION. A non-profit scientific organization developing large-scale computer-based command and control systems. Staff openings at Lodi, New Jersey and Santa Monica, California.

MILESTONES

Marriage Revealed. William Palmer Pyle Jr., 22, Michigan State football tackle signed this year by the Baltimore Colts, son of a Chicago food company executive and brother of Yale's football captain-elect; and Marie Judith Accardo, 20, willowy, blonde daughter of "Tough Tony" Accardo, an heir to Al Capone's Chicago crime syndicate; in Chicago on May 23.

Divorced. Leo Durocher, 54, loud but expert ex-manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers and New York Giants, who resigned last fall from a high-paying NBC job but has since kept his fanned lip from flapping about a rumored return to baseball; by Laraine Day, 39, sweet-smiling film and TV star; after 13 years of marriage, two adopted children; in Juárez, Mexico.

Died. Jimmy Bryan, 33, thrice U.S. auto-racing champion, winner of the 1958 Indianapolis 500; from injuries suffered in a racing wreck; in Langhorne, Pa.

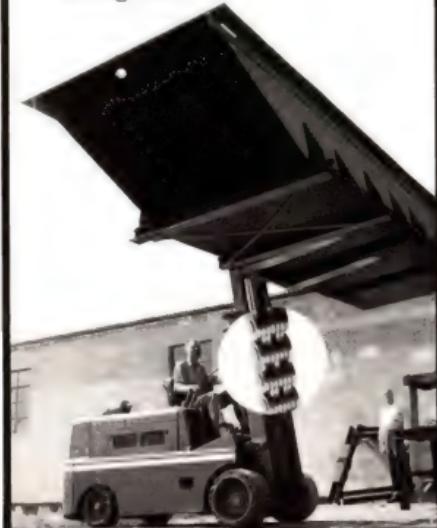
Died. Frank Silver (born Silverstadt), 58, longtime drummer and conductor of vaudeville-pit orchestras, who in 1922 collaborated to turn the cry of a Long Island Greek fruit peddler, "Yes! We have no bananas," into a song worth nearly \$70,000—most of which he lost in the 1929 stock-market crash, and failed to recover in 75 lesser-known pop works, such as *Icy-Wicky-Woo* and *What Do We Get From Boston? Beans, Beans, Beans!*; of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Brooklyn.

Died. Msgr. Matthew John Wilfred Smith, 69, editor of the *Catholic Register* since its founding in Denver in 1913; following abdominal surgery; in Denver. Starting with a circulation of 2,800, Father Smith worked "ungodly hours" to expand the *Register* into the world's biggest chain of religious newspapers, with one national and 32 diocesan weekly editions, an international semi-monthly, and a combined circulation of 80,000. Under Father Smith, the *Register's* interests ranged from speculation on church appointments (FOUR RED HATS EXPECTED) to Catholic views on U.S. foreign policy (CATHOLIC WOMEN ATTACK TRADE WITH RED LANDS). Said Father Smith of his job: "I'd rather be the editor of the *Register* than cardinal archbishop of New York."

Death Reported. Ana Rabinsohn Pauker, 65, longtime Communist matriarch, who as Foreign Minister ran Red Rumania from 1947 until her downgrading to a minor job in 1952; of cancer; in Bucharest. After joining the Communists in 1921, the Bucharest-born Jewess spent 15 years in and out of Rumania and jail before going to the Soviet Union. In 1945, one year after her return to Rumania, Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister Vishinsky visited, noted Mrs. Pauker's power over the incumbent regime, departed purring, "I feel very lighthearted."



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BOOKS

Small War Remembered

MEMOIR OF THE BOBOTES (154 pp.)—
Joyce Cary—University of Texas Press
(\$3.50).

It was only a little war, but in 1912 a young Anglo-Irishman named Joyce Cary was afraid that it might be the last, for the world was getting too civilized for war, or so it seemed. Only a few months out of Oxford, and hungry for adventure, he set off with a British Red Cross unit



CARY (LEFT) AT BALKAN FRONT (1913)
With the touch of a painter.

for the Balkans, where Turks and Montenegrins were doing their best to exterminate each other. It would be 30 years and several distinctly uncivilized wars later before Cary began to produce that superb string of novels (*Mister Johnson*, *The Horse's Mouth*) in which lust for life all but swamps even the prospect of death.

Memor of the Bobotes was found among Cary's papers after he died in 1957. It is an unfinished and unpretentious book, but rich with observed truth about war and men, totally unconcerned with calculated effects. It reads, in fact, like the author's reminder to himself that he was there.

Old Men Go First. Almost half a century later, the war Cary saw seems primitive. It was fought over a stunning mountainous terrain, so arid and devoid of shelter that the troops were almost constantly exposed. Cannon and shells were hauled by hand to summits where only the native goats were at home and since the Montenegrin army had no stretcher bearers, the casualties often simply

crawled off to die. The troops were spectacularly brave, attacking with gusto at point-blank range and accepting decimation with stoicism bordering on indifference. Before one attack, volunteers rushed forward to blow the Turkish wire with bombs. Cary saw them advance, old men who had volunteered because they felt that it did not matter if they were killed. Half of them were, but the survivors threw their caps up in the air to signal that the wire was broken.

Later, Cary noticed that leaves were fluttering from the trees, realized that bullets were cutting them down. "We might have run—but it is not etiquette to run and very little good." Often the target of snipers, he created a truism about them: "The sniper waits for the failure of the imagination and shoots you because you have forgotten that you must believe in him."

Old Soldiers Understand. The Montenegrins finally won, and Cary witnessed the surrender. Piece by piece the siege artillery was handed over by a crying Turkish officer who bent down and kissed each gun. The hardy mountaineers set about picking up their lives, and Cary set out for home. In his notes, he has almost nothing to say about the cause or cure of war; he neither reviles nor glorifies it. Already the future novelist was simply recording human experience, usually with a painter's touch that gives the *Memor* its most notable quality. Cary's own drawings illustrate and complement a text that owes as much to the eye as to the mind.

The book is best when it describes the waits between action, the solid troops, the squalor of encampments, the casualness with which a field kitchen is constructed from gravestones, the pulpit of a mosque broken up for firewood, the everlasting search for provisions and the solid enjoyment that comes from the windfall that is a well-cooked meal. Old campaigners will appreciate Cary's admiring definition of an old soldier, later echoed by Bernard Shaw in *Arms and the Man*: "A man who always has something eatable in his haversack and drinkable in his bottle, a reserve of tobacco and matches, a warm hole to sleep in."

Obiter Dicta

JUSTICE FRANKFURTER REMINISCES (310 pp.)—Recorded in talks with Dr. Harlan B. Phillips—Reynal (\$5).

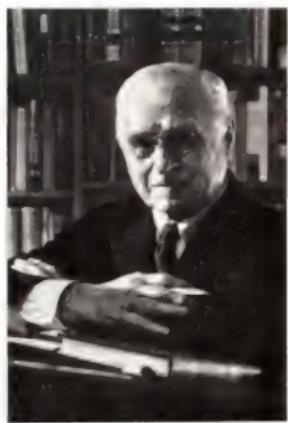
It is hard to be indifferent to the information that Justice Felix Frankfurter, 77, expects to die without having been to the top of the Washington Monument, that he was in his B.V.D.s when President Roosevelt phoned the news of his impending appointment to the Supreme Court and that, when he came to the U.S. from Vienna as a boy of eleven, his English was so poor that he once told his parents, "This man Laundry must be a very rich man because he has so many stores."

Such personal asides stand out from the

bulk of more serious reflections in these reminiscences, originally recorded on tape as part of Columbia University's massive oral history project, which has laboriously recorded for posterity the recollections of 600 prominent Americans. "Whether through weakness or good nature," Justice Frankfurter consented to publication of the interviews while he was still living. Talking for more than 50 hours at various times between 1953 and 1957, in response to brief questions from Columbia Historian Harlan Phillips, Frankfurter rambled on about life, politics, God, Harvard Law School, philosophy, ethics and the quirks of mankind. Edited down to book size, his conversation makes a lively, teasing, opinionated, often stimulating volume, and a rich source of Americana.

Frustrated Journalist. Frankfurter, the immigrant boy, became in turn an attorney, a federal bureaucrat, professor of the Harvard Law School, supplier of legal brains (Frankfurter's "happy hot dogs") to the New Deal and a guest professor at Oxford before his 1939 appointment to the Supreme Court. Along with an impressive intellect, Frankfurter has a sparrow's cockiness and a high-pitched, pedantic voice that often drives opponents to distraction. During the 1930s he was disliked and feared by conservatives as the legal strategist of F.D.R.'s onslaught on "economic royalists." As a member of the Supreme Court, on the contrary, he has been disliked and feared by liberals because of his conservative doctrine of judicial self-restraint—the belief that the Supreme Court should only interpret and apply law, while leaving the creation of new law to legislatures and enforcement to executive officers. Frankfurter insists he has been thoroughly consistent in his approach throughout his long life; it is the conservatives and liberals who have been repeatedly out of step.

Joseph Alsop once described him as a



Arnold Newman

JUSTICE FRANKFURTER
With a love for the law.

• The Bobotes were Montenegrin villagers from a tiny settlement near the southwestern shore of Lake Scutari (now in Albania).



Just feed documents into new RECORDAK Portable Microfilmer and they're photographed instantly (for a fraction of a cent each) and returned in sequence

How to save money before banking it!

Here's a check-handling short cut with RECORDAK Microfilming that every business can use.

THOUSANDS OF BUSINESSES—some like your own—have found an easy way to take much of the work and risk out of handling incoming checks. Just take their pictures with a RECORDAK Microfilmer. This eliminates keeping a costly handwritten record of every check, and it ends transcription errors, too.

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Recordak can produce facsimiles of all lost or stolen checks from your Recordak films. With these prints in hand, you can collect with minimum inconvenience.

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TIME, JUNE 27, 1960

Smooth

and subtle
Heinz
Mustard Sauce
complements the
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pork, fish
and cold cuts.
Adds a welcome
lift to Welsh
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Perfect as a
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happen to people
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From now
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Follow the
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TIME



Most gifted: kept doer of opposites.

frustrated journalist, and while Frankfurter consistently denounced the press as "the chief miseducators of the people," he has a good journalist's keen and sometimes merciless way of sizing up people. Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau "hadn't a brain in his head," F.D.R.'s aide, Harry Hopkins, "had a feeling of a mistress toward President Roosevelt." Pundit Walter Lippmann's "job in life is to sit in a noise-proof room and draft things on paper" without ever going through the "heartbreaks of getting agreement out of people."

Notion of Heaven. Frankfurter also has trenchant opinions about Presidents of his era.

¶ Theodore Roosevelt was, of them all, the man supremely gifted for public life. When out of office, he seemed to Frankfurter the "most tragic case of unemployment" he had ever seen.

¶ William Howard Taft "loathed being President," and only accepted the office on his wife's insistence. He was nevertheless a great Chief Justice of the United States because the Supreme Court "was his notion of what heaven must be like," T.R. once complained: "Oh, if only Taft knew the joys of leadership!"

¶ Woodrow Wilson was dogmatic, inscrutably secretive and of limited vitality. His mind was second rate and his style of writing "synthetic Burke."

¶ Calvin Coolidge was "arid," a kind of puritan, the sort of man who would make a speech "about George Washington as a businessman."

¶ Herbert Hoover was aggressively hostile to facts he did not like, and lacking in "sensitivity toward public affairs."

¶ Franklin D. Roosevelt, under surface shallowness hid "a deep streak of the Dutch." He followed a principle of polarization, i.e., doing two opposite things at the same time (as Frankfurter explains it: "You build a fire-proof house and nevertheless take out fire insurance").

Critique of Reason. Frankfurter has deserved a reputation as a wicked verbal antagonist. Asked his opinion of a grandson of Ralph Waldo Emerson who was serving as Governor General of the Philippines, Frankfurter snapped: "I think Emerson passed through him without stop-

ping." In crossing blades with Alice Longworth, the daughter of Theodore Roosevelt, Frankfurter said she had all her father's biases. "Why shouldn't I?" Alice Longworth replied. "Your father's a great man and entitled to biases," said Frankfurter, "but you're not."

For a jurist, Frankfurter offers a refreshing critique of pure reason: "You damned sociologists, you historians who want to get it all nice and fine on paper, you haven't learned how much in this world is determined by non-syllogistic reasoning." On the subject of religion, he is gently detached. He recalls how as a young man, in the midst of a Yom Kippur service, he looked around as pious Jews were "beating their breasts with intensity of feeling and anguish and sincerity," and he decided that his presence among them was "a kind of desecration" since their creed no longer had any meaning for him. Years later he listened to a sermon by Reinhold Niebuhr and said to him afterward: "Reinie, may a believing unbeliever thank you for your sermon?" Replied Niebuhr: "May an unbeliever believing thank you for appreciating it?"

There are occasional flat passages in the book, and some embarrassing ones, as when Frankfurter recalls being introduced to Prince Feisal of Iraq ("Here was little me meeting this Arab prince!"). But it is suffused with his love for the law, that towering edifice which is "all we have standing between us and the tyranny of mere will and the cruelty of unbridled, undisciplined feeling." Frankfurter lays down the axiom that "the worst public servants are narrow-minded lawyers, and the best are broad-minded lawyers." He neglects to say who should make the determination. But readers may feel that at least one man would be cheerfully willing to try: Felix Frankfurter.

The Ogre of Merion

ART AND ARGYROL (412 pp.)—William Schack—Thomas Yoseloff (\$4.95).

On a summer's afternoon nine years ago, a Cadillac careened at high speed past a stop sign onto a highway in suburban Philadelphia, directly in the path of a huge trailer truck. The driver of the car—



Would you invest \$10,000 to lose \$350 a year?

Doesn't make business sense, does it? Yet that is exactly what is being urged on the U. S. by the lobbyists for more government-in-the-electric-business.

But their figures are a million times larger. And all taxpayers—including you—would have to pay, and keep on paying, for this deal.

AVOIDING SHARE OF TAXES

Here's how it works. The advocates of federal electric power systems want government to spend \$10,000,000,000 more on top of about \$5,500,000,000 of taxpayers' money already spent. These so-called "public power" systems are exempt from all federal taxation, and largely from any state or local taxing. On the other hand, \$10,000,000,000 spent by independent electric companies would *produce* about \$350,000,000 yearly in federal, local and state taxes, at today's rates.

TAXPAYERS PAY TWICE

So the "public power" proposal boils down to hitting most taxpayers *twice*: use their taxes to build government power systems—and tap them for the share of taxes that government systems escape.

UNNECESSARY SPENDING

The tragic fact is that more spending for such federal power programs would be unnecessary. The hundreds of independent electric companies are able and ready to provide for the nation's growing electric needs. They are financed by investors instead of taxpayers. They've proved they can supply plenty of low-price power without using tax money to do it.

WHAT YOU CAN DO

The choice seems so easy you wonder why it's necessary to talk about it. But that \$10 billion may be spent for more federal "public power"—because so very few people know the facts.

You can get interesting, little-known facts, figures and quotes by mailing the coupon below for the new free booklet, "How Federal Government Electricity Affects the Businessman." It discusses how "public power" spending can affect your costs, prices and profits, what happens when the government goes into business with taxpayers' money, and the anti-business implications of federal power spending.

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Love Letters to Rambler



Foreign service employee Leo R. Gorman is presently living in Pakistan. For many years the owner of large oversized cars, he now drives a Rambler 6 Station Wagon. He reports his Rambler "has been subjected to the extreme test".

"ROADS MOST AMERICANS WOULD NOT BELIEVE EXIST"

"Driving over roads which most Americans would not believe exist, my Rambler remains the most quiet, rattleproof car. The Single-Unit body has definitely paid off. In a land where the humidity reaches 85% and higher most of the year, there have been no signs of rust because of the Deep-Dip method of rustproofing. Gas mileage is excellent under traffic conditions which are unbelievable. Dollar for dollar, you can't buy better than a Rambler."

See the quality compact car backed by 10 years and 25 billion owner-driven miles. Get the best of both: big car room and comfort, small car economy and handling ease. Lowest first cost. Top gas mileage. Proved top resale value. Go Rambler 6 or V-8—and save.



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the nicest things happen to people who carry
FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK
TRAVELERS CHECKS

Albert Coombs Barnes, multimillionaire, eccentric and owner of one of the world's greatest collections of modern art—died instantly. When the news of Barnes's violent end reached him, Henri Marceau, curator of the Philadelphia Museum of Art, had an awed comment: "How natural."

Long before his death, Albert Barnes's fabulous collection of French and American modern art, his quarrels and correspondence (frequently unprintable), his dung-heap humor and mercurial temper had made him a legend. The son of a poverty-stricken Civil War veteran, he grew up in the verminous, squat slums of Philadelphia, with a burning determination to get rich, and then to thumb his nose at the world. He did just that—and quickly.

Discovery in Heidelberg. After working his way through the University of Pennsylvania Medical School, Barnes went to Heidelberg, earning his keep as a singer of Negro spirituals in a *Bierstube*. He and a brilliant young German student, Hermann Hille, worked out the formula for Argyrol, a mild silver protein solution for which doctors had many uses—to treat gonorrhea, including gonorrhoreal blindness, relieve severe nasal congestion. Argyrol, manufactured in a former flophouse in Philadelphia, was an instant and worldwide success, and Barnes was a millionaire before he was 35. In 1928, with superb timing, Barnes sold out Argyrol for an estimated \$4,000,000, not long before the discovery of antibiotics, which largely replaced it.

Guided by his lifelong friend, Artist William Glackens, Barnes began to buy up French impressionist paintings by the boatload. Although many of his early purchases were mistakes, he showed taste and a fine instinct for good investment. He was one of the discoverers of Modigliani. In one moment of sound judgment he bought 60 Soutines for \$50 apiece—long before Soutine was well known. In his acquisitions, Barnes was uninhibited by ethical considerations. When his friend Leo Stein, brother of Gertrude, offered to sell his valuable collection of impressionist paintings through Barnes, the collector repaid Stein's early kindness to him by reporting that he was unable to find a buyer, snapped up the lot himself for an undisclosed price, which Stein's friends bitterly described as steal.

Behind the Wall. In time Barnes assembled the world's greatest collection of Matisse, the largest group of Cézannes outside the Louvre, and over \$50 million worth of art by Picasso, Braque, Gauguin, Renoir, Toulouse-Lautrec, John Marin, Georgia O'Keeffe and Ben Shahn. When his collection outgrew his home and factory, Barnes built a marble temple to house it in suburban Merion, surrounded the place with ferocious police dogs and a ten-foot "spite wall." Ostensibly the collection was a public institution, entitled to tax exemption, but the tiny part of the public that saw it was limited entirely by Barnes's whims.

No one who differed with his views was admitted, and those who, once inside the



COLLECTOR BARNES
How natural that he died violently.

gates, dared to criticize any aspect of any painting, were instantly thrown out. When Walter P. Chrysler Jr. wrote a humble, flattering letter asking permission to see the paintings, Barnes replied, masquerading as a fictitious secretary: "It is impossible at this time to show to Doctor Barnes your letter . . . because he gave strict orders not to be disturbed during his present efforts to break the world's record for goldfish swallowing."

The Iceman Cometh. Barnes quarreled with Bernard Berenson, Bertrand Russell, Jacques Lipchitz—the greater the adversary, the rougher the battle. His most venomous attacks, though, were reserved for women. Marriage, Barnes often said, was just a cheap and wholesome substitute for prostitution. He delighted in bullying female employees into tears, embarrassed one young secretary by dictating letters to her from his steam bath, interspersing his correspondence with commands to fetch towels and turn on the shower for him. When Edith Powell, art critic for the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, had some mild reservations about the Soutines in a rare public exhibit of Barnes's paintings, he wrote her a thunderous letter stating that she could never be a true art critic until she had slept with the iceman. "Do you think there's something in the iceman idea?" she nervously asked a sister critic, and went off for a prolonged stay in Paris.

In telling the story of Albert Barnes, Biographer William Schack, a chemist and art critic, was severely hampered by the trustees of the Barnes Foundation, who, carrying on the founder's eccentric traditions, refused Schack all help (the collection is still closed to the general public). Without their cooperation, by painstaking research, hundreds of interviews and triangulation, Biographer Schack has written an absorbing and unmalicious study of a bizarre and probably brilliant man.



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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

Bells Are Ringing. A so-so book and middling music do not keep Judy Holliday from turning this \$3,000,000 Hollywood rerun of her 1956 Broadway hit into one of the year's liveliest, wittiest cinemusicals.

The Apartment. Writer-Director Billy Wilder tells of a sweet-natured schmooch (brilliantly played by Jack Lemmon) who shoots up the corporate ladder by turning his apartment into a glad pad for his bosses and their girls, in an excellent movie that mixes comedy, pathos and a tough sense of irony about life. With Shirley MacLaine as fetching as ever, and Fred MacMurray as toothy.

Dreams (Swedish). In the second installment of Director Ingmar Bergman's lewdly hilarious trilogy (the others: *A Lesson in Love*, *Smiles of a Summer Night*), the war between the sexes rages in full fury, with the female proving, to Bergman's obvious delight, the far more cunning and vigorous specimen.

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (French). Love redeems even the horror of acres of charred and moaning humanity in this New Wave movie that rises with atomic power and breaks with poetic beauty.

The Battle of the Sexes. James Thurber's *The Catbird Seat* is transposed into a grand piece of sustained nonsense, starring British Funnyman Peter Sellers as the bookkeeper with a double-entry personality.

I'm All Right, Jack. Sellers again, this time as a union shop steward who will make a speech at the drop of an aitch, in a film that takes a cracking good satirical look at labor-management relations in England and the share-fare state which makes the impossible improbably funny.

TELEVISION

Wed., June 22

Armstrong Circle Theater (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). A New York schoolteacher goes to jail for drug addiction, helps rehabilitate himself and many fellow prisoners by setting up a school within the prison.

Thurs., June 23

Presidential Mission (ABC, 7:30-8 p.m.). Ike in the Orient.

The Untouchables (ABC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). In its melodramatic, semi-documentary fashion, the program's present episode tells *The George ("Bugs") Moran Story*—how gangsters first shot their way into labor unions. With Robert Stack as Eliot Ness, Guest Lloyd Nolan as Bugs.

The Secret World of Eddie Hodges (10-11 p.m.). An hour of musical fantasy, starring Child Actor Eddie Hodges as a daydreaming, hero-worshipping youngster more or less like Judy Garland in *The Wizard of Oz*. Guest: Bert Lahr, Boris Karloff, Janis Paige and Hugh O'Brian.

Sat., June 25

John Gunther's High Road (ABC, 8:30 p.m.). Jack the Tripper is off to Greece, cutting his film clips to contrast the ancient and the modern.

NBC News Special (NBC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). A summary of Ike's trip.

* All times E.D.T.

TIME LISTINGS

BOOKS

Best Reading

Daughters and Rebels, by Jessica Mitford. This sprightly chronicle of the madcap Mitford family (one of the six daughters was generally regarded as Hitler's girl; another became the wife of a Fascist; the author herself married a Leftist nephew of Winston Churchill) reads like an Evelyn Waugh novel, revealing a class in trouble with history and with itself.

Saint-Exupery, by Marcel Migeo. The flamboyant French aviator who wrote *Wind, Sand and Stars* and *The Little Prince* is worth reading about in this biography by an old comrade, even though the book is flawed by grandiloquence.

Born Free, by Joy Adamson. The author gives a fascinating solution to one of the century's least urgent problems—how to bring up a lion as a pet.

The Saviors of God, by Nikos Kazantzakis. In this strange little book of aphorisms, Greece's late great man of letters struggles toward spiritual consolation, returns to the pagan and Greek credo that "man is the measure of all things."

Homage to Clio, by W. H. Auden. This collection of recent poems is the work of the self-revised, settled Auden, but there are glimpses of the poet's old, dazzling cleverness.

Through Streets Broad and Narrow, by Gabriel Fielding. In this exciting new volume of a projected tetralogy (previous novels: *Brotherly Love* and *The Time of Greenbloom*), the young English hero finds that he is not prepared for life and love in Ireland, loses his sure footing among the slippery coves of Dublin.

The Wayward Comrade and the Commissars, by Yury Olesha. The fiction pieces in this paperback collection, written before the author's recantation in 1932, oppose Communism, are crammed with unexpected turns of humor and fantasy.

Food for Centaurs, by Robert Graves. The poet achieves his aim—to capture the sound of his own voice talking—in a collection of stories, poems and essays.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. **Advise and Consent**, Drury (1)*
2. **The Leopard**, Di Lampedusa (3)
3. **Hawaii**, Michener (2)
4. **The Constant Image**, Davenport (5)
5. **The Lincoln Lords**, Hawley (7)
6. **A Distant Trumpet**, Horgan (8)
7. **Trustee from the Toolroom**, Shute (4)
8. **The Affair**, Snow (10)
9. **Ourselves to Know**, O'Hara (6)
10. **The View from the Fortieth Floor**, White (9)

NONFICTION

1. **May This House Be Safe from Tigers**, King (1)
2. **Folk Medicine**, Jarvis (2)
3. **Born Free**, Adamson (5)
4. **I Kid You Not**, Paar (4)
5. **The Enemy Within**, Kennedy (6)
6. **The Law and the Profits**, Parkinson (3)
7. **The Night They Burned the Mountain**, Dooley (8)
8. **Act One**, Hart (7)
9. **Mr. Citizen**, Truman
10. **That Certain Something**, Francis

* Position on last week's list.



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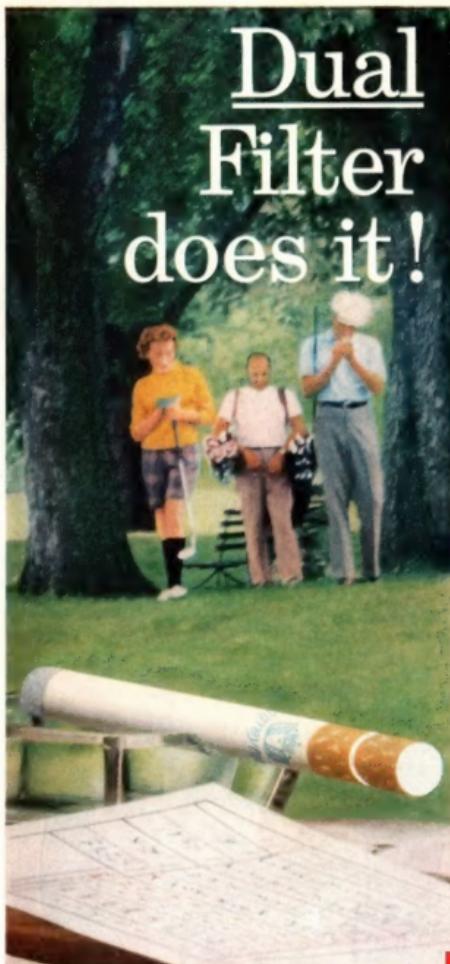
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